

twilight moonbeams.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27289795) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27289795>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Karl Jacobs/Sapnap , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Darryl Noveschosch , Zak Ahmed , Niki Nihachu , Minx JustAMinx (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Liam HBomb94 , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Drista , Dave Technoblade
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Harry Potter Setting , Alternate Universe - Hogwarts , Fluff , Fluff and Angst , Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Friends to Lovers , Slow Burn , oblivious idiots , Idiots in Love , Author Is Sleep Deprived , Kissing , Cuddling & Snuggling , hinted skephalo , this was planned before mcc , mcc practically wrote the fic itself , Canon Compliant , but at the same time not , some things were altered , tommy and tubbo are twins in this au
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , Cute works , Readalreadyxxxxxxxxx
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-30 Completed: 2020-12-20 Chapters: 11/11 Words: 60481

twilight moonbeams.

by [mik_mik](#), [Serene_Serendipity](#)

Summary

a series of interconnected one-shots in a harry potter universe.

basics.

Hi ! Mik here.

I'm collaborating with my friend, Serene, for the very first time !

We were both surprised to find that no one else has done a Harry Potter AU, so we decided to make one of our own to celebrate Halloween !!

Here, we have a little table of the characters so that it won't be too confusing later on once the chapters are up !

Character sheet:

Dream:

- **House: Slytherin**
- **Blood status: Muggleborn**
- **Year: 5 (15), 6 (16)**

George:

- **House: Ravenclaw**
- **Blood status: Pure-blood**
- **Year: 5 (15-16), 6 (16-17)**

Sapnap:

- **House: Gryffindor**
- **Blood status: Half-blood**
- **Year: 5 (14-15), 6 (15-16)**

Karl:

- **House: Hufflepuff**
- **Blood status: Pure-blood**
- **Year: 5 (15), 6 (16)**

Techno:

- **House: Ravenclaw**
- **Blood status: Pure-blood**
- **Year: 5 (15), 6 (16)**

HBomb:

- **House: Slytherin**
- **Blood status: Pure-blood**
- **Year: 6 (17-18), 7 (18-19)**

Skeppy:

- **House: Ravenclaw**
- **Blood status: Half-blood**
- **Year: 6 (15-16), 7 (16-17)**

Bad:

- **House: Hufflepuff**
- **Blood status: Pure-blood**
- **Year: 6 (16-17), 7 (17-18)**

Wilbur:

- **House: Slytherin**
- **Blood status: Half-blood**
- **Year: 5 (15-16), 6 (16-17)**

Tommy:

- **House: Gryffindor**
- **Blood status: Half-blood**
- **Year: 2 (11-12), 3 (12-13)**

Tubbo:

- **House: Gryffindor**
- **Blood status: Half-blood**
- **Year: 2 (11-12), 3 (12-13)**

Drista:

- **House: Slytherin**
- **Blood Status: Muggleborn**
- **Year: 2 (12), 3 (13)**

truth serum.

Chapter by [mik mik](#)

Chapter Summary

in which sapnap opens up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey,” The blond male had purposefully bumped himself against his shorter classmate, successfully catching his attention. “Have you taken notes during Herbology?”

Crinkling his nose, George shoved him back playfully. “Yes, I have, unlike someone here who sleeps like a log and surprisingly doesn’t get in trouble. You’re so lucky that we had a substitute teacher that was kind enough to partner us up for this project.”

As they were making their way out of the classroom and through the entrance of the Great Hall, a sudden force barreled its way in between the two. A pair of arms linked between each side of the two classmates and proceeded to drag them off.

“Sapnap?!” George exclaimed, stumbling and tripping as he stepped on his own robe. They were both on the way to their usual seats when the Gryffindor had pulled them all the way to the far back of the table. “What the hell are you doing?”

He was shushed harshly whilst having a pointed look at Dream, who simply raised both of his hands in surrender as they all sat down at the same time. None of them moved any of their utensils even after the meal had appeared on their tables as they were waiting for the youngest of the three to speak up.

Sapnap scoffed, “What are you waiting for? Start eating! I’ll explain.”

Still befuddled by how hushed his screech was, George and Dream had began adding portions of food onto their plates as the brunet had kept his hands to himself.

Sapnap had cleared his throat, fiddling with his fingers whilst keeping his voice low. “You guys

remember Karl, right? From the Puffs?”

Dream glanced up, “You mean Karl Jacobs?”

“Keep your voice down!” The brunet hissed, seeming frantic as he cringed at the blond’s volume. “Yes, I *do* mean Karl Jacobs.” He clarifies, sounding exasperated as he combed his fingers through his hair.

Finishing a mouthful of his food, Dream replies, “He’s helped me with potions and botany before. Quite a smartie, fun to be around with. Why? Did he do something?”

Sapnap groaned as he lowered his head into his arms onto the table. “*That’s the thing*. He hasn’t done *anything* to me. He doesn’t have a single bad bone in his body.”

George furrowed his eyebrows, “Sapnap, I don’t think I understand what’s your deal with—”

“Sapnap?” A voice piped in, definitely higher in pitch compared to the Slytherin’s yet not on the same level as the Ravenclaw’s, full of concern as his gaze landed on the Gryffindor who seemed to freeze in place.

Sapnap’s head immediately shot up, grey eyes locking with soft blue ones. The male slowly began to take the vacant space next to him, getting ready to eat. “Are you okay? Theo’s still getting the hang of the *Wingardium Leviosa* spell, I’m sure he didn’t mean to hit your head!”

And Sapnap’s face had gone almost as red as the color of his own house as he suddenly had plopped his head back down whilst groaning for the nth time. This caused Karl to fret over him even more, George to be more confused, and the cogwheels in Dream’s mind to turn and click.

“I’m *fine*, Karl.” Sapnap had responded, his voice muffled by his sleeves. “I’ve hit myself on the head countless times, this is nothing. No need to bring me to the Hospital Wing or anything.”

Karl could only furrow his brows in worry. George quipped, “Okay, I don’t know what your *deal* is—”

Dream was quick to smack his face, cutting off his sentence. The older male shoved his hand off of his face, his glare being exchanged with an apologetic look on the blond's face as he takes over. "Karl! What took you so long?"

"I was busy trying to get Theo out of trouble for what he did to Sapnap." Karl had sheepishly replied, scratching the back of his head. "Professor got mad at me for 'talking back', so she had pulled me behind alongside him to clean up the mess Theo had made during the whole lesson."

Sapnap turned his head at this, his voice a lot more gentle than anyone has ever heard before, "The two of you cleaned the whole room up? Why didn't you tell me? I could've helped."

"Well, you seemed angry since you stormed out the room the moment the lesson had ended," The male beside him glanced down, remembering that he was supposed to be eating and proceeded to hold up his utensils.

He wasn't angry, Dream thought, amused as a new side of Sapnap was being revealed before his eyes. *He was probably distracted by him*. "Sapnap, speaking of Spells and Charms, wanna hang out at the Library later before curfew strikes with me and George?"

"*Dream—*"

George was about to smack away the hand that stood still in front of his face when the taller male had instead caught his hand, bringing it down whilst causing the brunet to lean closer to his side, "*I'll explain everything later.*" Dream remarks, soft against George's ear.

As they both pull back, they both see Sapnap having a relieved look on his face. "Yeah, sure. I'm down."

"So you're saying," George says as he circled around the table, his blue oversized sweater being outlined by the lamp that he had brought over. "You're in love? And that caused you to get bonked by a drawer at the back of your head during Charms class?"

Sapnap rolled his eyes, picking out the stray threads from his fuzzy black-and-red sweater, "Wow, George. What a great way to start a conversation."

“He means yes,” Dream chuckled, closing both his notebook and the current book he’s been studying to take a minute to discuss with them. “Yes, he has feelings for Mr. Karl Jacobs of *the* Hufflepuff House.”

“This is not *helping*,” Sapnap responded through gritted teeth, punching Dream’s arm lightheartedly as he just laughed at his reactions.

“I mean, you two have known each other since 1st year,” the Ravenclaw had laid out as he leaned against the table, scanning the book full of different plant and flower meanings. “You having feelings for him isn’t unusual, Sapnap.”

“But we’re both *dudes*,” Sapnap had laid his hands out onto the table to emphasize his opinion. “I’m fine with it being my friends having these kinds of butterflies in your stomach around *their* romantic interests, but...”

“Sapnap,” the British male had shut his book and glanced at the boy next to him. “You can turn rats into chalices. You can fly with a thing that is commonly used as a cleaning product. You can tame a horse-griffin hybrid. And, yet for *some reason*, the thing that *baffles you the most* is the fact that you have feelings for the person you have spent most of your life with?”

George continues as he looks down at the carpet, “Whoever you like doesn’t define you as a person, it’s the things that you do.” He slowly glances up at the blond across him, who slowly began to meet his gaze. “Sometimes, we just can’t choose who we’re attracted to, and that’s okay.”

Blinking away, Dream lays his head down as he leans closer to Sapnap’s side and bumping their shoulders together. “George is right. I really think you should give this one a shot, Sap.”

The Gryffindor glanced at the blond to his left, before looking over to the brunet on his right. He felt as if the weight on his chest had been lifted, feeling grateful for having met these two.

“Thanks guys,” Sapnap grinned, shoving into Dream softly and earning a tiny giggle from him. “I don’t know what I could’ve done without you two.”

The Slytherin returned the smile before sitting up straight, shutting his notebook and book and keeping away his materials. “Alright, it’s almost curfew. Should we head back?”

The other two nodded and proceeded to tidy up the area they had occupied.

As Dream had gone off to another aisle to return the book (Sapnap had always argued with him to just leave it anywhere for the Librarian to fix, but Dream had seen this as rude and always returned them in their proper place no matter what.), Sapnap had followed George to the other side of the Library and helped him return the bulk of books he read the entire time they were there.

As the Ravenclaw had slowly lined up each book by its end before inserting it into the vacant space, the younger male had spoken up. “You’ve gone through this thing before, haven’t you?”

The British male stiffened, before sighing and continuing what he was doing. “Your intuition is as sharp as ever.”

“I take pride in that, thank you very much.” Sapnap had teasingly replied, “But, I don’t get it. Why don’t you follow your own advice?”

George had pushed the last book into the shelf before huffing out a breath. “Whatever is there between me and that person is much more different than what you and Karl have, Sapnap.”

“I’m sure Dream feels the same way about you.” Sapnap pushed on, “He practically looks at you with *hearts in his eyes*, George. The guy *adores* you.”

“Sapnap,” George closes his eyes, trying to not let his temper get the best of him. He wasn’t feeling genuinely angry, rather he was feeling some pressure.

He’s well aware of how he has been acting around Dream. How he’s been stuck with him like a magnet, always wanting to go wherever he goes. The mere presence of the blond helps calm him down, comforting him in ways he never knew he even needed. He was the source of his confidence, the light of his life.

He glances back at Sapnap with a slightly pained expression on his face, “We’ll just see how it goes.”

“See how what goes?”

The two of them jump at the sound of Dream's voice, who was peering at the corner. "I was waiting for you two by the entrance, and you never showed up, so I went back and checked. What was going on?"

Sapnap was about to speak up, but the older male had beaten him to it. "I was talking about Sapnap's chances of being in the Quidditch team and how it's *utterly unlikely*." He teased, easily changing the pace of the conversation.

The Gryffindor was about to complain before huffing and stomping a foot down. "You're such a *brat*, George! Whatever. Let's just go back to our rooms before we get our asses kicked and points decreased."

The youngest male made his way out of the room, leaving both Dream and George behind.

They looked at each other for a brief moment, before bursting out in hushed laughter as they followed suit and parted ways with a quiet goodbye.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this first chapter ! <3

We've been working on this for the entire week so !! (We're both still cramming fjd kh djh)

expelliarmus.

Chapter by [mik mik](#)

Chapter Summary

in which someone gets hurt.

Chapter Notes

uhh a little warning that this chapter mentions descriptions of a broken nose near the end !! :']

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I still can’t believe we don’t have a D. A. D. A. Professor. *Again.*” Skeppy scoffed as he strolled down the hallway with his batchmate.

Their previous Professor had been banished from the grounds for violating rules, officially making it their 4th consecutive year without a proper class for the Defense Against the Dark Arts subject. It had been Skeppy’s favorite class alongside Potions, and having it be cancelled before actually learning something for the second time in a row just *irritates* him.

Hbomb hummed, deep in thought as he walked by the Ravenclaw, “We really should do something about this. Defense is *really* important for us to learn.”

And it was, as they were both aiming to be Aurors in the near future. How could they get the role if their school was currently not giving them enough experience and information to get by?

As they were making their way to the Great Hall for their recess break, the older Slytherin had halted in his tracks. Skeppy’s steps stuttered at the sudden stop and bounded a bit further than his friend before turning around with a confused look on his face.

“What if we practice on our own first?” The male had suggested, “We can learn simple defense plans, certain spell combos, and then teach it to our class so that we won’t be going on without no knowledge!”

Skeppy's eyes widen in glee, "That's a great idea, H!"

The brunet had turned around once more, seeming to look for other people to recruit in their little practice group. He sees a familiar duo bounding over from the opposite end of the hall, and grinned as he waved over to them. "Karl! Sapnap!"

The Gryffindor's attention snapped onto his close friend, mirroring his grin as he pulled the other male along to go nearer to the two upperclassmen. "Skep, H! What's up?"

"We were wondering if you're down to join us in a little bit of duel practice!" Skeppy explained, tone chipper. "Me and H here wanted to see if we can teach our class a thing or two while no teacher is present."

Karl then pops in, "That sounds cool! Can I join? I'm down!"

Sapnap follows, "Then that makes two of us!"

"Great! We need all the help we can get." Hbomb exclaimed, pleased that their little group was growing quickly enough. "Maybe just a few more people will do."

The oldest of the group then glanced up to see Dream pass by before calling out to him, "Dream!"

The blond whips his head to the source, spotting his friend group before walking over to their space. "Hey, guys. What's up?"

"We're doing practice battles! Wanna join?" Sapnap quipped, a challenging glint in his eyes.

"Oh, I'm down!" Dream had immediately agreed, "I'm always down to kick Sapnap's arse in anything."

"Ok, first of all, *hey*." Sapnap furrowed his eyebrows at his statement as he slung an arm around Karl's shoulders. "Second of all, I'm already partnered with Mr. Jacobs, thank you very much!"

Dream's eyebrows were raised, he thought that Hbomb would only be observing and supervising while everyone else would be fighting. "Oh. Then, who should I be fighting with?"

Karl then spoke up whilst trying to escape Sapnap's hold on him, "I recommend Gogywoy! I think I saw him on the way to his usual spot in the Library. Sapnap can lend you the Marauder's Map real quick for you to find us once you got him!"

The Slytherin hummed for a bit, seeming to in thought, before nodding along to the suggestion. He was planning to bother the male per usual, anyway. Might as well do it earlier.

"George is here!"

Dream had announced loudly into the room that was currently occupied by the group that had agreed to do the practice, walking in with the shorter male next to him.

Everyone had greeted him with a chorus of loud cheers. Since they wanted to keep their meet-up a secret, Dream had to pass by his common room to obtain the Invisibility Cloak from his inventory in order to sneak past the few hall guards on duty.

George had rolled his eyes at his antics along the way. It consisted of talking to the air whilst in the Library, making him seem like an utter buffoon to the outsiders that were around them to, and bumping into countless shelves and walls whilst making their way to the secret room they had agreed to meet up at.

"He looked stupid, thank you, Karl." The brunet deadpanned after being questioned about how it felt like being escorted by the male he was infatuated with.

"Alright!" Hbomb began, clapping his hands to focus everyone's interest on him. "So, let's do some quick practices of simple spells using the mannequins here! Then, we can work on practicing against each other so that we can acknowledge the knockback of these kinds of spells."

The group agreed, immediately taking turns to the four different mannequins splayed out in the room.

Skeppy had enthusiastically charged after one of the figures, firing one spell after another and effectively entertaining Hbomb as he hits the target straight on.

Karl, on the other hand, sits on the ground. He lets Sapnap take the first stance as he'd rather learn more from watching how it goes; his form, how high up he should tilt his wand, and how to inflict the spell. The Gryffindor gladly explains most of it, heartily demonstrating what he should do in terms that the light-haired male would understand. The older Ravenclaw had just placed his belongings and his cloak to one side of the room before landing his eyes on Dream.

"You remember the basics, right, Dream?" George had bounded over to the Slytherin who was currently folding his cloak, folding his sleeves up. "The ones from 2nd year?"

"Of course," The blond remarked. "It just sucks that we didn't really get to practice it and instead noted it down."

Smiling, the older male had walked behind him as the other pulled out his wand, "It's easy. First step is to not be afraid, to which you've already completed."

The blond peered over his shoulder whilst aiming his wand towards the dummy to smile at his friend. George had leaned a bit closer to raise his arm into a more accurate and comfortable position for dueling, the contact between them burning and causing Dream to flush slightly.

"There," The brunet muttered, "And then you can use either *Expelliarmus* or *Stupefy*. Once you do so, and you knock its parts off, then I can just fix it up with *Reparo*. From then on, we can see what we can improve."

Nodding, the Slytherin had taken his advice to heart. His friend takes a step back as he began to cast, hitting the target accurately after each spell but not quite powerfully due to the lack of practice, yet it had the mannequin's hand and foot flying off from time to time. The British male watches amusingly from afar whilst repairing the dummy model.

Occasionally, he'd leave comments. "Your breathing's uneven. Calm down, Dream, and focus. Do it again."

The blonde nods once more, breathing in deeply and zoning out onto the target in front of him. He tries to recall bad memories. He recalls the time he had entered Hogwarts for the first time, the pressuring glances from his peers due to his blood status. He remembers the groups that had picked

on him for the first half of his second year, Wilbur stepping in and rubbing in that he's far superior more than he is.

Inhaling sharply, he casts his spell. "*Expelliarmus!*"

A flash of light flew from the end of his wand, the attack lands, and successfully knocks the model's head off.

George's eyebrows raise as Dream gasps in shock. They both look at each other before breaking out into happy and excited noises, arms shaking as the younger male had finally gotten the hang of it.

"*You got it!*" George exclaimed.

"*I got it!*" and Dream mirrored.

They continued to celebrate a bit more, wide smiles on their faces, before hearing another clap sound from the other side of the room. It had belonged to Hbomb, as expected, with Skeppy behind him stomping on the mannequin that they had *practically* obliterated. The older male leaned back with his wand real quick, repairing the battered figure and earning a whine from his batchmate.

"Alright, we'll get to somewhere that's a *bit* closer to the real thing. George, come here." Hbomb beckoned, the Ravenclaw taking three steps closer to him.

"Now, I'm sure most of you didn't have the opportunity to do this during 2nd year since most of it was note-based," H takes quick stance, "And everyone else expects you to know how it works by now, but I'll show you guys how to properly deflect a spell."

Seated at a comfortable distance, the Slytherin had then nodded towards his underclassman, "Okay, George, I want you to try and attack me."

George blinked before nodding; his eyebrows furrowed in sudden concentration.

The remaining four had observed the duo in utter silence. They then heard a sharp inhale coming

from the Ravenclaw before sudden zaps of energy followed right after. With constant bursts of light being thrown around from one end to the other, Dream was enthralled with this side of the Ravenclaw. He's never seen him so immersed into a practice duel before and would always limit himself during class demos.

It was probably because he's practicing it with people who knows his true potential, Dream thinks, since it was him that Hbomb had called over and not the person who is in his own class. The Slytherin notes ~~his scrunched-up nose, his lower lip worried between his teeth, his brown eyes that were illuminated by the wisps of light bouncing between him and his partner~~ his perfect posture, concentration evident in his form, and the fact that he's been casting his spells *non-verbally*.

It's well-known that it'd be very difficult for people to cast spells without saying them. He'd always hear George cast his spells, so this was also his first time seeing his true ability. Hbomb was just as silent, a smile on his face as he continued to deflect spell after spell before finally firing one that caused the opposite male's wand to fly out of his hand.

"Outstanding, George," Hbomb remarked as he lowered his wand. "That was a demonstration on how quick these duels can be. I was on the defensive side, casting *Protego*, while George has been casting *Stupefy* non-stop. And, in order to disarm him, I targeted *Expelliarmus* towards his wand."

The entire group was stunned in silence, still caught up in the mini match that they just had, which caused laughter to erupt from the leading Slytherin. "We both don't expect you guys to immediately reach our level of casting, of course! We'll all get to that level slowly."

Dream lets his gaze settle on the Ravenclaw. George seemed bashful; a nervous smile stuck on his face as he avoids meeting gazes. He probably isn't used to letting himself go hard during spell casting as much as he did earlier and have people acknowledge it. When the British male looked up and had their eyes meet, he immediately turned away.

~~Dream had an awestruck look on his face, and only George got to see it.~~

"So, for George to be able to practice his defenses, let's have you guys practice your stunning spells!" Hbomb declares, "Who'd like to go first?"

Dream and Sapnap looked at each other, the same thought going through their minds, before raising their hands at the *exact same time*. "I'd like to go for it!" "I wanna beat George!"

Flustered, the Slytherin tries to calm the two hyped-up pupils, “Okay, okay, let’s start off with Sapnap for now.”

Sapnap pumps a fist into the air, sending Dream a look as he passed by (it was just him poking his tongue out and looking like a total moron, honestly.) and jogged over to Hbomb’s spot. The older of the two then helped him get into his stance, before reminding him to focus and to verbally say the spell as he knows that the younger would like to try and one-up the other.

The blond then takes his time to observe the exchange between the two, the Gryffindor’s hits accurate but not quick enough as the Ravenclaw was always able to deflect the attack wordlessly.

“Stop flaunting around, George!” Sapnap yelled jokingly, frustrated that he can’t even land a single hit. “You’re so cocky!”

Giggling, the other male bit back, “I promise I’ll let you hit me, Sap! It just won’t be today!”

He then knocks the wand out of the younger male’s hand, a victory cry emerging from him while a drawn-out whine coming from the other.

“H, he cheated, I swear!” Sapnap complained, earning bubbles of laughter from everyone else in the room as he made his way back to the group.

Rolling his eyes, George crossed his arms. “Sure, Sapnap, I *totally* hired Bad over to use Dream’s cloak to take your wand away from you.”

Shaking his head, the older Slytherin had motioned Dream to go on and give it a go once Sapnap was seated.

The blond made his way in front of the brunet, a hardened gaze present on his face. It sends electricity down George’s spine when their eyes met, a newfound level of nervousness being instilled into his system. He shoves all uncertainty-related emotions to the back of his head before signaling the blond to start.

It starts with a simple string of spells, accurate but not enough to knock him back, the same as what Sapnap had inflicted. He glanced real quick to see the blond’s facial expression; his nose was scrunched, eyebrows furrowed. A dead giveaway that the Slytherin is *frustrated*.

George didn't expect much from the duels he were to face today, he hardly ever did. It was hard to get to where he currently is. But, Dream wants to prove that he can be better than Sapnap as there was a bar that was made, a quota. The Ravenclaw knew that the other male did best when he was not too relaxed, but not too pressured either; his mind clear and focused on the task at hand. He knew that he had set up unrealistic expectations after watching the two feuds earlier and it had fueled him to the point of wanting to 'beat' him.

The Slytherin suddenly speeds up, and it catches George off-guard. He stumbles and almost misses a spell directed at him. The brunet sends a quick glance to Hbomb, who seemed to pick up on the sudden change of atmosphere as well.

"Dream," The older Slytherin warned, "Calm down."

But his words fell on deaf ears as the male still continued to pick up speed, whispering spell after spell. Most of them were whizzing past George, terrifying the male. The brunet yelled, "Dream?!"

And before he could try and get through to the male, a spell was mistakenly targeted at *him* instead of the wand in his hands.

The Ravenclaw was sent flying backwards, the spell powerful enough to flip him over and across the room. He lands on his face, a disgusting sound echoing through the room followed by a painful grunt, and that's the only time where the Slytherin had snapped out of it and realized what he had done.

The group had scrambled over to George's side, Hbomb barking at them to give him room to *breathe*. Karl makes his way closer to the male to examine the damage done. With blood covering his face and tears in his eyes, George began to panic as the discomfort of having a broken nose began to sink in.

"George, hey," Karl mumbles in an attempt to soothe him, "Look, this will get better. Let me take a better look at you, okay? Let me help you."

Pulling out his wand, the Hufflepuff had casted out a quick *Episkey* spell. The sickening *crack* of his bones being put back into place alongside a distressed cry reverberated around the area. The next thing being heard was the light-haired male shushing the brunet.

Dream dared to take a step, “George... George, I am *so* sorry.”

George wanted to say something, *anything*, but he couldn't seem to form a coherent string of words and letters. He instead grabs at Karl's sweater, tugging it in a certain way that catches the Hufflepuff's attention.

“George... Are you sure?” Karl asks, and the Ravenclaw could only nod. The light-haired male then looked up to everyone around him, eyes practically pleading. “Please don't tell anyone about this.”

Closing his eyes, Karl had pointed his wand to George before whispering. “*Legilimens*.”

A sound of discomfort came from the two of them before silence began to settle in.

“I swear to the heavens above,” Sapnap started, his voice low as he began pointing at everyone in the room. “If any of you raise this to the Professors, I will *curse* you myself. Don't be a twat.”

A few moments later, the light-haired male then opened his eyes with the brunet following a little later. He gazes up to Dream, “He's... afraid, to say the least. But, he doesn't blame you. These things just happen. He wants you to use this as a lesson, to not get *too* competitive, and be aware.”

Dream's frown doesn't go unnoticed by the Hufflepuff. “Dream, don't let this affect you badly. He isn't angry and isn't blaming you.”

Skeppy then glances to his batchmate, “I think it's best if we call it a day, H.”

“Yeah,” Hbomb mutters, “Yeah, we should. Come on, Sap, Dream, let's head back. Skep, I'm leaving you to the other two.”

A perky ‘Roger!’ erupted from the younger Ravenclaw before everyone disbanded, going their separate ways towards their rooms.

Dream couldn't get his head out of what he'd just done to his closest friend. He really didn't mean to hurt George, he felt like utter garbage the moment his eyes laid on terrified brown orbs. Being

the reason why the Ravenclaw shed blood that day, he *really* hated it.

“Hey,” He was bought back to reality by Sapnap’s clasped hand on his shoulder. “Don’t think about it too much. George is a strong guy, you and I know that. Everything that just happened was a ‘spur-of-the-moment’ kind of thing. Tomorrow’s a new day.”

And Dream’s chest was filled with guilt, heavy and cramped, but the load was slightly lighter thanks to the comforting words of his friend.

“Yeah, tomorrow’s a new day.”

Chapter End Notes

happy birthday to george !! :'D
it sucks that it had to fall on the angsty chap,,, jkfgkgkdfl

i hope you guys enjoyed this one !! <3

The Things I Risk Are Things I Can Only Risk Once

Chapter by [Serene Serendipity](#)

Chapter Summary

A day under the sunset leads to some... interesting developments in the team.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The quidditch pitch was busy despite being late into the afternoon. The sun was low in the horizon, casting the surroundings with a bright, orange glow. Students from all houses and years were scattered across the stands. Their numbers slightly falling short of mimicking the audience of an actual quidditch match.

It couldn't even be considered a proper practice match. The rules were too loose, the atmosphere just as lax. Players more focused in helping each other, giving out pointers and techniques, to actually play.

The Slytherin team had requested the help of the Gryffindors for the former's upcoming match against Ravenclaw. The other team, not passing up the opportunity to learn more about their opponents' strategies, readily agreed, On the condition that the Slytherins also teach them a thing or two. Thus, an agreement was made.

Which led to the sizable audience closely watching the match, perhaps waiting to see if the friendly atmosphere would turn hostile or to simply catch a glance of the person they admire.

Karl and George were people part of the latter half. They, however, were much more discreet with their swooning. Limiting themselves to shared knowing glances and shouts of encouragement. The appropriate amount of reaction to be given to the people who were known as their best friends to the public.

Compare that to the deafening hollers and shrill shrieks of the seeker fanatics beside them. They put every ounce of their emotion into their voices, screaming their admiration, on the off chance that they may get noticed. It's futile, however. Their efforts, while obviously appreciated, are useless as both boys were too busy to even pay attention to them.

Serves them right, Karl smirks possessively. Focusing on George, who was sitting beside him, he could see the other boy sharing his sentiments. Brown eyes squinting menacingly at the group.

A whistle draws their attention back to the field. Both heads snapping to look at their respective players. Karl instantly find Sapnap's form. His eyes taking in the sight of the Gryffindor while instructions are being given out to them.

Sapnap's face is flushed with sweat, dark hair windswept and matted to his forehead. His signature white bandana is crooked, a side resting just above his furrowed brows. It's like a siren call, tempting Karl to adjust it back to its original position, to press a loving kiss to Sapnap's cheeks all the while whispering words of praises.

But alas, he can't.

The disadvantages of keeping your feelings a secret I guess, Karl sighs in regret. He *would* confess to the Gryffindor if there wasn't years upon years of friendship on the line. He passes a glance at the Ravenclaw again, not knowing whether to feel relieved or sad that he is not alone in his unrequited pining.

Honestly, it's not even unrequited in Georges case. It's just the two boys being totally oblivious and stupid. Not to mention, their own insecurities barring either of them from confessing - something Karl can relate to. At this rate, they will all have jobs before any one of them even thinks about admitting their feelings.

They are so obviously and utterly in love that it's painful to watch them dancing around each other, toeing the line but never crossing. Pretending that they don't look at each other with stars in their eyes, that their fleeting touches don't mean anything else other than platonic affection.

Karl can't help but feel jealous though. At least Dream and George's affections are obvious to everyone but themselves. A little nudge in the right direction could get these two together sooner. Unlike in his situation, where Sapnap is basically the wizard incarnate of a koala.

Karl has read -from the various books about muggle animals that Dream has gifted him- that they love clinging on to things, whether they be humans or objects. Which basically describes Sapnap. He is so touchy with everyone that a lot of them have mistaken his physically affectionate nature as a sign of interest, when in reality he's just being overtly friendly.

This has led to some hilarious scenarios of Sapnap being “rejected” by people he didn't even know he was supposed to like, and some embarrassing ones of the person confessing, promptly bursting into tears upon knowing that he doesn't actually like them and Sapnap having to awkwardly comfort them.

Even Karl himself has fallen victim to it. Losing count of the amount of times where he was so, *so* tempted to just confess already because surely, those touches mean something right? Then he sees Sapnap holding Dream’s hand as they walk the halls or hugging George and demanding kisses from him as well – much to the chagrin of another person besides Karl himself- and the hope is lost. Carried away by the wind, never to be seen again.

Karl starts to actively pay attention to what's going on in front of him when the two seekers have decided it's time to finally fulfill their roles, keeping their eye on the snitch zipping provokingly in front of them.

Another blow from the whistle sends the snitch zooming away. Dream and Sapnap stay in their spots, bodies vibrating with so much anticipation that Karl could feel it from where he’s standing. They give the golden ball a few seconds head start before they chase after it, hot on its heels.

Playful taunts could be heard throughout the whole pitch as the Slytherin and Gryffindor race each other to catch the snitch first. Trying to rile the other up in an effort to distract them from their shared goal. Both boys move in the air as if they were one, seemingly controlling the wind to help them accomplish their desires. It mesmerizes Karl.

Dream gains a lead on Sapnap, sticking his tongue out to the other boy when he does, flying off to where the snitch is. He is a natural, as he always is with the things he is interested in, darting around and dodging other members of both teams with breakneck speeds. Although, that came with the drawback of narrowly missing obstacles by a hairs breadth and making both George and Karl wince every time he comes into very, *very* close contact with the audience stands.

It was Sapnap, however, who stole Karl’s attention. As he always does.

He just couldn't help but gush at how *good* Sapnap looks on the broom. Where Dream specializes in agility – he just needs a bit more experience- and speed, Sapnap is an unstoppable force. Fierce and unrelenting.

His movements are precise, determined. Eyes burning with so much intense concentration, Karl bets anything that stood in his way either has to get out or risk being toppled over. It sends shivers down his spine just how dedicated this boy is to winning.

Merlin, why does he look so hot like that? Karl can only internally weep lest he risks being judged by the people around him.

Sapnap eventually overtakes Dream, making Karl shout in delight,

“Go Sapnap! You can do it!”

Dream, not wanting to lose without trying his best, leans himself closer to his broom to gain more speed. He is shoulder to shoulder with Sapnap, both of them trying to slow each other down and nudge the other off course.

The fierce competition riles the audience up. Murmurs and discussions of who’s going to win between the two seekers slowly rising the volume of the playing field. The fanatics seems to have taken this as permission to be completely unrestrained with their support.

“GO DREAM!” Some of them yell.

“GO SAPNAP!” The others shout.

The cries of support hypes the audience up even more, many now joining in to show their support of their favoured player. While Karl is happy that both his friends are getting well-deserved acknowledgements, he can see it is doing more harm than good. Especially to one of them.

Sapnap only stumbles a bit, shaking it off and continuing his pursuit of the tiny ball. Dream falters significantly, looking towards the source of the noise before he realizes he’s lagging behind. He manages to catch up, but it’s obvious that the screams of support with his name are distracting him.

“Can you quiet down?!”

George sudden outburst takes Karl away from the match, looking at his friend who has now stood up and glaring, once again, at the group who started the scream fest.

Karl tries to pacify George. "George, I think you should-" He fails.

"Can't you see your incessant screaming is distracting him?!" George gestures towards Dream, his hands shaking, barely managing to contain his anger.

The group of students blink their eyes at George. Obviously stunned at hearing the Ravenclaw's voice be this loud without any provocation from his friends, directed at strangers to boot.

They lower their heads sheepishly, muttering scattered words of apology and promises to lower their volume. George doesn't look satisfied but lets it go for now, he sits down and crosses his arms. Prioritizing his best friend over chastising his overly enthusiastic supporters. Karl thinks, if the other boy had his way, he would have gone on a full-blown rant, but he digresses.

With the noise level from the source minimalized, the others follow suit. Dream succeeds in getting his head back into the game. He shoots a quick smile of gratitude towards George before he chases after Sapnap. George's bad mood immediately dissipates, sinking into the chair and tries to hide his flushed face into his robes.

He's so easy. Karl nudges George teasingly, the other boy shoving him off before sinking further down, blushing even more.

Dream catches up with the Gryffindor just as his hand is a few inches away from catching the snitch. He steals it right under Sapnap's nose, but not before almost crashing into the goal post.

The whole student body present goes wild. In victory or in frustration, Karl doesn't know, too busy smiling at his friends to care.

Typical Dream. Karl shakes his head in amusement.

Dream whoops excitedly around Sapnap, looking a bit worse for wear. His short blond hair sticking up in every which way, clothes bearing a significant amount of scuff marks. He is drenched in sweat, but he doesn't seem to be bothered by it.

The other boy looks a bit disappointed but also content. He obviously came out better, having less dirt and sweat on his person. Karl sees him saying something to Dream, making Dream grin at his friend and proceeding to hug him one-handedly.

Their respective captains then call them over, clapping their hands in congratulations before discussing something with both seekers.

“That was intense.” Karl sags in his seat. The adrenaline caused by the match slowly leaving his body.

“Tell me about it,” George says, bending forward, loosely clasping his fingers together and placing his elbows on his knees.

“Did I just really scream at those people?” He whispers behind his hand, more so for himself than to be heard.

Karl answers him anyway. “I did try to stop you,” George groans in embarrassment, hiding his face in his hands. “But you got too worked up in defending your Dream~” Karl waggles his eyebrows.

“Shut up I was only trying to help him,” George pointedly looks at him.” And what do you mean ‘your Dream’? He’s not my Dream.”

“Not yet he’s not.”

“Stop it.”

Karl shakes his head, chuckling at George’s increasingly red face. *Honestly, these two...*

They both notice Dream and Sapnap making their way towards them, stopping a few inches away from the safety rail.

“That was an amazing play you two!” Karl exclaims, skipping past a greeting. He stands up to hear the boys better. George follows suit.

“Aw, thanks man!” Sapnap smiles at him, his face flushing. Darker than usual. *Maybe from the exertion?*

“Did I do good George?” Dream hovers closer to George, looking at him expectantly. Obviously waiting for George to praise him.

“You could do better.” George says, mischievousness dripping from his voice. He bites his lip, trying to keep himself from smiling.

“Wha-George!” Dream sputters, clearly not expecting the tease.

George throws his head back in laughter and Dream’s eyes soften with a look of tenderness. Karl rolls his eye exasperatedly. *Really? Right in front of me? In front of us?*

“Get a room love birds!” Sapnap shouts at the two, making them jump away from each other. He flustered the two so bad that anymore teasing will probably cause the two to explode.

Karl hears George take a deep breath, probably to clear his head.

“Are you guys done practicing?” Karl asks.

“Nah,” Sapnap shakes his head. “Dream might’ve caught the snitch, but his technique was hella sloppy.”

“I still caught it though.” Dream points out.

“Didn’t you almost crash into a goal post in the process?” Karl quips back.

Dream scrunches his face in annoyance and crosses his arms. Karl tries to stifle a laugh. Dream looks like a child who was told they have had too much candy. Looking at George and Sapnap, he could see he wasn’t the only one who made the comparison.

It was Sapnap who breaks first. Letting out a huge cackle, tossing his head so far back that Karl would’ve been worried he might fall off his broom if he wasn’t so busy laughing as well. George has sunken down to the floor, hands clutching the railing as he heaves out in laughter.

Dream looks bewildered at all of them. This only causes them to laugh even louder.

“Oh whatever.” Dream rolls his eyes, irritated but clearly fond. “Can one of you stop laughing at my expense for a minute and help me get out of my broom?”

“It’s ‘off the broom’ Dream, not ‘out the broom’.” George breathlessly giggles out.

“Shut up George.”

Karl wipes his eyes, breathing in and out in a steady pace to get his breathing under control. He sees the crouched boy slowly standing up. Together, they both fix Dream a deadpan look, one of their eyebrows raised. Doing so while regaining their composure.

Dream sighs, “Please?”

Both boys nod in approval. Karl gestures for George to help Dream, tilting his head towards the Slytherin. George widens his eyes at him in apprehension, shaking his head minutely. Karl raises his eyebrow again, looking unamused.

George glares at him before sighing in defeat. Karl smiles smugly, knowing he’s won their silent argument. Karl is amazed at how George acts like he doesn’t want anything to do with Dream but at the same time gushes to Karl about anything that Dream does. It’s honestly little impressive, if a bit confusing.

“Why though?” George asks, extending his hands out for Dream to use as a support. He helps Dream balance on his broom, Sappap takes a hold of the rear end to steady it. Karl just watches on.

“He’s gonna chill here and watch me for a bit- Dream, be careful!” Sappap exclaims, strengthening his grip on Dream’s broom when the boy wobbles precariously.

“The captains praised Dream’s skills but said that that kind of play in game could cost the Slytherins the match,” Sappap further explains, gesturing his head towards the Dream. “So I was tasked with teaching this dumbass how to control his movements.”

Karl makes a sound of acknowledgment. So that's what they were discussing earlier.

"Schlatt is just salty that I almost bumped into him." Dream comments, looking at his feet to better maintain balance. He edges closer to the ledge, knees bending in preparation for a jump.

"Which is exactly their point." Sapnap points out. He opens his mouth to say more but Dream cuts him off.

"George steady your hands, I'm gonna jump." Dream looks up at George, fixing his hold on the latter's hands.

"Okay" George grips back tighter, solidifying his foot on the ground.

They all count down to three. Dream jumps over the safety rail after they hit the final number. He lands on his feet, kneeling in front of George, still clutching his hands. Dream then stands, letting go of George's hands to wipe the dust off his practice robes.

"As I was saying," Sapnap continues where he left off, clutching the empty broom on his side. "Do that in game and you risk losing sight of the snitch."

He calls Dream out and once he's gained his attention, Sapnap then tosses the former's broom to him. Dream catches it with practiced ease.

"George..." Dream whines at him, positioning his broom so it doesn't hit anyone when he clutches at George's arm. "Sapnap is chastising me..."

"As he should." George flicks Dream's nose lightly, dragging the both of them to sit down at the bench. Dream still clutching George's arm.

Great, they're flirting. Right in front of me. Again! Karl thought, a small flame of jealousy flaring up at the interaction. He sits on the other vacant spot beside George, scooting a bit away from the two.

“Why are you all against me today.” Dream slumps down, further pushing himself into George’s space. Sprawling his legs out, he let’s his broom clatter to the ground.

“We’re not Dream,’ Karl leans back to catch Dream’s eye. “We’re just pointing out facts that just so happen to be against you.” He gives Dream a big smile.

Dream is not pleased, grumbling low but Karl manages to catch the words ‘unfair’ and ‘mistreatment’ somewhere in there.

“Stop whining you big pissbaby,” Sapnap chastises. ”Watch me now okay? The faster you learn, the quicker this practice ends.”

Sapnap doesn’t wait for Dream to respond, flying off so he can demonstrate his techniques. Even if Sappnap doesn’t get to see it, Dream still sticks his tongue at the boy’s retreating figure.

“This is so boring... How am I supposed to learn the techniques when I’m just sitting here?” Dream complains, lolling his head to rest on George’s shoulder.

George hums in answer, lifting his free hand to smooth out Dream’s hair. Karl decides he’s had enough of being an awkward bystander and also places his head on George’s shoulder.

George stops his hair petting and tears his eyes away from Dream, looking at Karl in dubiously. Karl ignores him and only says “I wanna join the cuddle sesh too.” as his reason.

Karl thinks George might push him and Dream off with complaints of suffocation and is mildly surprised when that doesn’t happen. He begins to relax as they all observe their friend flying in the air. Darting past to and fro, chasing the golden snitch once more but this time alone. George points out the differences Sappnap’s playstyle versus Dream’s with Karl occasionally joining in to add his own observations.

Sapnap eventually comes back to them with the snitch between his fingers, asking Dream whether he got it now or if he needs another round. Dream replies with the latter and Sappnap flies back again to show Dream all over again.

They settle into the comfortable rhythm of observing Sappnap, tossing information around and bouncing ideas back and forth. Dream is obviously grateful for their feedback, saying as much to

both of them. Karl just waves him off, telling him it's no problem.

Dream reluctantly separates from George to call Sapnap over, telling him that he feels ready to fly again. Sapnap gestures at him to wait, busy talking with another member of the Gryffindor quidditch team.

Dream was about to scream for the other boy to hurry up when a little boy tugs at his robes. Cutting him off just as he was about to shout for Sapnap.

The pastel pink hair instantaneously gives him away as Techno's little brother. Karl straightens up in his seat, wondering what the little gremlin could want with Dream.

"My brother wants to talk to you." The third year says, looking doe-eyed at Dream.

"Oh?" Dream responds, curiosity in his voice. Karl looks around the vicinity, but he doesn't see where Techno could be. "Did he tell you why?"

The boy shakes his head but the continuous tugging at his robes makes Karl think it's about an urgent matter.

Karl and George look at Dream's face, maybe hoping to find a clue within his reaction but the other looks lost as well. He shrugs at them, gesturing for the smaller boy to lead the way. Dream leaves them then, but not before telling them to wait for him while he sorts this out and to tell Sapnap the same thing.

Once Dream leaves, Karl can't help but look inquisitively over to George, who's still looking at the spot where Dream was. He taps George's knee lightly to make him face Karl.

"What was that about?" Karl can't help the interest in his voice, desperate to even have a small tidbit of information as to what that could be about.

"I don't know..." George says uneasily, biting his lip in habit. "I should go check." He stands abruptly, Placing Dream's forgotten broom on the seat he was just occupying a few moments ago. He dashes out the back, clearly hoping to be able to catch up with the two. Not even bothering to give an explanation to a very confused but very intrigued Karl.

What was that all about? Karl stares after George, contemplating if he should follow as well. He quickly decides against it when he realizes that Sapnap would be left alone with no explanation as to where his friends had all ran off to.

Karl sighs, leaning back into his seat, jittery. His knee bounces, making him want to vibrate out of his skin. He really wants to follow the two but they'd probably be long gone by now and he doesn't want to intrude to what could be a private conversation, no matter how curious he is.

Shortly after he settles down, he hears, more so than sees, Sapnap coming back. Karl stands up and leans over the stand to wait for him. Sapnap is clearly saying something, he can see his lips moving from here and he can hear him, but he's still far away for Karl to hear anything coherent.

"WHAT?!" Karl shouts, trying to clarify what Sapnap said incase it was anything important.

"I SAID," Sapnap yells back, voice clearer now. "WHERE IS DREAM?!"

"HE LEFT TO GO DO SOMETHING ELSE!" Karl makes his statement vague, leaving out the part about Techno's brother being involved, not wanting to broadcast to everyone and have them spread false information.

"WHAT FOR?" Sapnap's voice is disproportionately loud, considering he's close enough to be heard properly if he uses his normal tone.

"I DON'T KNOW." Karl shrugs his hands.

"WHY ARE WE STILL SHOUTING?!"

"I DON'T KNOW WITH YOU MAN!" Karl throws his hands higher.

A hush falls over them and they just stare at each other in silence. Karl catches Sapnap's gaze, giving him a teasing look, fluttering his eyes cutely at the boy. Trying to make him lose their impromptu staring contest. He expects the other boy to tease him back when he holds his gaze.

Oh fuck, is the only thing on Karl's mind. Not at all prepared for what he sees.

Sapnap's brown eyes are stunning in the setting sun. Sparkling softly, like sunlight reflected over the ocean's waves. They're full of raw, indescribable emotions. Not unlike the way they light up every time he's filled with happiness. But the look Karl is being given seems deeper somehow. More intimate. More intense. Trying to desperately convey something to Karl. A secret only the two of them should know.

It could've been minutes, seconds or even hours but eventually, Sapnap breaks their charged atmosphere. He turns his head away, coughing into his fist. The tips of his ears darker than the rest of his face.

That's weird.

"Why are you looking for Dream anyways?" Karl speaks in normal volume, though his voice is a bit hoarse from all the yelling.

"He was calling for me earlier," Sapnap looks back at him, his own voice sounding a bit rough as well. Whether from all the shouting or something else is unclear to Karl. "and also because I have to tell him that practice is over because it's almost evening."

Karl looks around them, shocked at how many people have already left. He sees only a handful people slowly trickling out, packing their bags at a turtle's pace, chattering all the while. Taking their sweet, precious time. Even most of the players on the field are gone, with only a few stragglers flying about to tell the remaining people still sitting on the benches that they have to leave since it's getting late.

They must've been staring at each other for longer than they thought.

Karl sheepishly looks down, embarrassed at himself for getting so distracted that he doesn't even notice what's going on in his surroundings. He blames Sapnap for being too good-looking for him to handle.

"Dream said to wait for him," Dream's reminder pops back into Karl's mind. "But I don't know how long they're gonna take."

“They’re?” Sapnap’s lips purse in interest. *“George followed him.”*

Karl hums an affirmative tone, not knowing why he also nodded his head when he had already expressed his confirmation.

“No wonder why he’s not here. Though I did expect it.” Sapnap looks at him. *“What do you think they’re up to?”* His voice takes on a suggestive tone, eyes gleaming with the same air.

Karl would’ve found it funny in another context, but not this time. He shakes his head, not up to join in on the teasing. *“They left because Techno’s little brother called Dream and George decided to follow him after.”*

Sapnap’s sobers when he hears Techno’s name.” *What? What could Techno’s little brother want with Dream?”*

“It was actually Techno telling his little brother to call Dream.” Karl corrects.

“Shit, that’s not good.”

“Tell me about it.”

The silence of the pitch suddenly becomes more prominent once the two of them stopped speaking. It’s empty now, save for the two of them. Karl observes the vacated stands, happily noting that there barely seems to be anything, trash or otherwise, that was left behind. He would have hated having to go around, cleaning up trash, after the exhausting school day he had. However, he would’ve felt guilty leaving the mess for the elves to clean up. They might be the designated school cleaners but that doesn’t mean he has to make their life any harder.

In all honesty, Karl would’ve directly retreated to the Hufflepuff common room after class to get a few hours of shut eye if it wasn’t for George finding him in the hallways and convincing Karl to support Dream with him. At first he refused, sleep deprivation overpowering his desire to support his friend but when George mentions that Sapnap would also be participating, the tiredness he felt instantly left him. Replaced instead by excitement. He had then dragged George towards the quidditch field with a spring in his step.

“Hey,” Sapnap directs Karl’s attention back to him. *“Hop on my broom.”*

“What?” Karl asks, a bit apprehensive but excited at the prospect. “Why?”

“Well if we’re waiting for Dream and George might as well do it at the field.” Sarnap points out. “That way it’s easier for us to leave when they come back.”

Karl hadn’t thought of that, content to waiting up here where the winds were stronger. A blessing against the sweltering sun, though it has now set deeper into the horizon so the cold is starting to set in. “That’s smart.”

“I’m always smart, ya’ll just don’t know it.” Karl giggles as Sarnap positions his broom above the benches. Allowed to do so because there is no risk of bothering other people.

Karl grabs Dream’s broom from where it lays forgotten on the bench. Thinking of how the Slytherin would nag both him and Sarnap if they forgot about it. Making his way to the top benches, he stands at the layer closest to Sarnap’s broom. He swings his legs over, situating himself behind the Gryffindor. A bit difficult with the other broom in his hand but Karl manages.

With Karl sitting cozily behind him, Sarnap tries to fly off. Only for Karl to be taken by surprise and pulled back, almost falling off were it not for Sarnap’s quick reflexes, the other managing to clutch on to a part of Dream’s broom, pulling him back to an upright position.

Sarnap then tells Karl to wrap his arms around him so he doesn’t fall off again. Karl just nods, not wanting to speak in case his voice cracks from the overwhelming feeling swirling inside him right now. He just obeys. Squeezing his arm tightly around Sarnap’s waist, the broom placed sideways in front of both of them.

They slowly take off, trying to see if Karl off balances again. He doesn’t and they unhurriedly descend to the ground below.

Karl has rarely ridden a broom. The only instances he had ridden one were done out of force or necessity. It’s not like he can’t fly on a broom, he’s just not interested, and as proven by how he almost fell off one earlier, its dangerous. Riding one with Sarnap feels exhilarating despite only going down and not actually flying around. It makes him feel safe how Sarnap uses one of his hands to keep his own close to his waist. He wouldn’t mind riding one again in the future so long as Sarnap is there.

Karl knows it was just a quick trip down but he still feels disappointed at how short it was. He wished it could've lasted longer.

"Okay I'm gonna take a short nap," Sapnap says when Karl's feet touches the ground. He leans back, distributing his weight evenly so he doesn't turn over and plop to the ground. He nonchalantly lays with his back flat on the broom, arms behind his head. Clearly having done this many times before.

"Wake me up when they get here." Sapnap mumbles lowly, sleep already invading his senses.

"Okay I will." Karl reassures him. He drops crossed legged on the grass, placing Dream's broom beside him. He has no problem waiting for his friends, no matter how long they take, but no way is he going to wait for an indefinite amount of time standing all through out. His legs will turn into literal jelly.

Karl thinks of ways to pass the time. He could practice some spell work, but why would he do that when he can admire this beautiful boy in front of him? So that's exactly what he does.

It's a rare sight to see Sapnap like this, so peaceful and quiet, his breathing making his chest rise steadily. Juxtaposting his usual loud and brash attitude. He looks younger like this, which everyone tends to forget because of the way he acts. All tough on the outside. Affectionate as he may be, he won't hesitate at raising his fist at whoever tries to antagonize his friends.

In the inside though, behind closed doors, he's all cotton and clouds. Soft. Kind. Caring. Asking Dream for cuddles when he gets the chance. Entertaining the twins with an indulging smile on his face. Karl likes all of Sapnap's sides. The facade he put out for others to see, the more subdued side. The way they all combine together to make up his bestfriend. Brave, affectionate, caring Sapnap. He likes them all.

Karl makes sure that Sapnap is still asleep before pouring his heart out. Not able to do it silently anymore. It's a cowardly way to do it he knows, but maybe this will be his only chance to do so. He whispers his affection so softly that the wind carries his words. He stands up and gazes lovingly at Sapnap's sleeping face. He's overtaken with the urge to peck his forehead. And he does. Go big or go home as the muggles say. Karl hovers closely before he places a soft, lingering kiss to Sapnap's forehead.

"You missed."

Karl eyes widened, darting down and immediately meets Sapnap eyes, now open. Burning bright with a familiar emotion as he stares at Karl head on. Karl stammers, trying to think about a valid excuse when his brain finally registers Sapnap's words.

"What?" Karl breathes out.

"I said," Sapnap gets up, sitting parallel to his broom. His eyes are clear of any traces of sleep, expression unwavering.

"You missed."

"I...missed? What?" Now Karl is really confused. Missed? How could he have missed? What? He wasn't even supposed to kiss him in the first place, what is this boy talking about?

"It's supposed to be here Karl." Sapnap says, bringing his finger to his lips.

Karl's mind whites out, all noise fading into the background. His eyes drift to the ground, overwhelmed at the turn of events.

"Karl," The Hufflepuff looks up, letting out a small gasp when he sees that the Gryffindor is way closer than he originally was. Face right up against his. Eyes staring into each other. Lips tingling with anticipation.

Is this really happening?

"Karl can I kiss you?"

Apparently it is.

Karl throws his arms around Sapnap in answer, pulling his face closer. Their lips meeting in a passionate kiss. Sapnap tenses for a split second before submitting to the kiss, resting his hands on Karl's shoulders. Eagerly responding in kind.

Karl is on his toes, one hand sliding down to grip the broom. He pulls back to try and catch his breath but Sapnap immediately pulls him back in.

This goes on for a while, one of them trying to regain their breath while the other pulls them back in. A vicious cycle of giving and taking.

Karl eventually has to stop, or else he risks fainting from a lack of air. And wouldn't that be a hassle to explain to Madam Pomfrey. Karl feels his lips pulsing, his face hot from their make out session.

If Karl feels debauched, Sapnap certainly looks like it. His eyes are glassy with desire, focused on Karl's mouth. Chest heaving in an effort to take in much needed oxygen. Lips and face an appealing apple red. Karl is sorely tempted to taste once again.

But he doesn't get the chance to.

"Oh my god! Sapnap? Karl?"

That was Dream's voice.

Karl glares at the intruder, embarrassed but more annoyed at being interrupted in the middle of something important. Peering behind the Slytherin, he can see George looking straight at him. Jaw dropped. Looking absolutely shocked.

"What was that?!" George shrieks at them both, but the question is aimed at Karl.

Sapnap wraps his arms around Karl's waist, "That, my friends," He pushes their cheeks closer together possessively. "was you witnessing me kissing my boyfriend."

Karl leans back a bit to look at Sapnap's face, 'Boyfriend?' Karl mouths to him, heart beating erratically at the term. Sapnap just grins at him and places a sloppy kiss to his cheek, making him giggle.

"Boyfriends?!" The other two cry out in surprise.

“Let’s go to the great hall,” Sapnap hops off his broom and motions for them to follow after him. “I’ll explain what you both missed there while ya’ll were gone.” He lowers his broom, squatting to the ground to get Dream’s. He tosses it back to the other boy before they all make their way back towards the castle.

Talks of ‘we only left you guys for a bit’ and ‘how the hell did that happen’ float around them. Karl hardly pays it any mind, happily walking back with his *boyfriend’s* hand on his own.

Karl is basking in the glow of his newly formed relationship when he sees George ahead of him instead of walking beside them. Spotting the opportunity to bring something to his attention, he lets go of Sapnap’s hand, jogging ahead of him to slide beside George. He throws his arm around the Ravenclaw, luring him into a false sense of security. He smiles deviously, inconspicuously leaning close and whispering into his ear.

“*Your turn*”

George whips his head to him, mouth gaping like a fish. The way his face colours in mortification made Karl burst out in laughter, bending over and clapping George on back.

“Shut up!” George whispers sharply, pushing Karl away and overdramatically stomps off in annoyance.

“Hey wait up!” Karl calls out, mirth still in his voice.

“No Karl, get away!” George shouts back, but there is no bite to the words.

They banter back and forth, unaware of the other boys watching them from behind. One of them thanking whatever higher power had allowed him to not only have his love reciprocated, but to also be able to show his love out in the open.

The other suffers in silence. Keeping his love under a tight lock and key. A secret he does not want to take to the grave but that he might have to. He’s happy that his two friends have admitted their feelings for each other. But he can’t help but wonder, when will it be his turn?

Chapter End Notes

Hai! I'm Serene, the other author for this fic. This chapter was originally supposed to be posted a day ago but due to some unfortunate circumstances, it was delayed. But it's here now and I hoped you enjoyed it :3

Any grammar or spelling mistakes are my own and constructive criticism is highly appreciated :D

Also comments!

They make my and mik's day!

(Fun fact: I haven't written anything creatively for the past 3 years so I'm super rusty. I've also never posted anything for the public to see. :3)

felix felicis.

Chapter by [mik mik](#)

Chapter Summary

in which george receives a lucky charm.

Chapter Notes

you can really tell the difference between me and serene's upload styles huh
HJFDSKDSF

also im omw to punch her rn for going past my overall word count /j

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Today officially marks Hogwarts’ 3rd Quidditch game of the season!” A Gryffindor had announced into the horn as wizards and witches whizzed by on their brooms, *“This time, it is Slytherin vs Ravenclaw!”*

George had hurriedly climbed up onto the benches, bunching up an oversized cloak that was draped over him as he excused and weaved himself in the crowd in order to get to spot he had wished to be in. The moment he had reached the corner closest to the Hufflepuffs, he had heaved a sigh of relief before letting go of the cloak and leaning over the structure to find his friend.

“Karl!” The male called out, and in return, a light-haired male had peeked out from his seat as a response.

“Gogmeister!” Karl’s chipper tone rung out, a huge smile splayed on his face. “You’re late! What held you back from arriving on time?”

As he was asking this, another head had popped out from his side. He had a familiar white bandana tied around his head, but the scarf he was wearing was *yellow* instead of *brown* and was linked to the male before him. “Hi Gogy!!”

“Sorry! Dream held me back and- *Sapnap?*!” George exclaimed, to which the two had shushed him loudly for it. It seemed that the Gryffindor had managed to sneak into the Hufflepuff benches,

stripping himself of his cloak to further hide the fact that he wasn't with his other housemates and using Karl's scarf to hide his tie and the logo on his sweater.

"He was a moron, really!" Karl rolled his eyes playfully at his partner. "Look at him *tremble!*"

"I have you to warm me up, so it's worth it." Sapnap had flirted back, causing the Hufflepuff to turn red and grumble a response out of embarrassment. "What took you so long, anyway?"

Blinking before letting out a bit of a Cheshire Cat smile, George peeled away a part of the cloak he's wearing to reveal an inner *green*. (To him, it was just a darker shade of yellow.)

Gasping, Karl and Sapnap beamed the moment they laid their eyes on the color, "That's *Dream's!*"

George had bashfully shushed them, his pointer on his lips as heat bloomed from his cheeks to his ears. The speaker had continued to relay the rules of the game as the Ravenclaw fiddled with the sleeves.

He proceeds to look down and see at how *big* it is on him. The sleeves have gone way past his hands and the robe would already be touching the floor. He recalls the moment he was given the article of clothing that belonged to the younger male.

"What'd you call me for?" George had called out to Dream in the empty corridor. Everyone else was already lining up to head over to their destined places in the field. "You'll be late for the game!"

Dream had turned around, and upon meeting the shorter male's gaze, his shoulders had sagged slightly in relief. "George."

Noticing the tense atmosphere, George's facial expression had softened as he took a few steps closer to the Slytherin and cupped his face with his left hand. He hadn't meant to, but it was more of an action done subconsciously. "Are you afraid?"

"Nervous." Dream replied, placing his hand over his and his voice barely above a whisper. "There's a difference between the two." He added with a hint of a chuckle.

George rolls his eyes at this before looking back at him directly. "Dream, you've practiced practically all day and night for this game. You'll do amazing."

A small, shy smile began to form on the taller male's face, bringing the other's hand down slowly. George could only follow the action with his gaze, breaking eye contact momentarily before looking back up at the blond.

"You'll be cheering on for me, right?" Dream asks, yet it sounded more of a question towards himself.

Nonetheless, the brunet whispered back, "Of course."

And at this, the Slytherin had beamed at him before pulling his hand away. George could only watch him in confusion as he began to strip of his cloak. Before he could bring up any questions as to why he was doing this, the blond had already wrapped him up in it.

It was dizzying, really. It smelled of a mix of sandalwood and sage. It reminded him of the rain, but it wasn't cold or lonely. It felt comforting, like home. And as George had processed all of this in a few seconds, it was accompanied by Dream's face that was close to his.

The Ravenclaw could only gasp softly as he saw a determined glint in his eyes.

"Then I will win it for you, George." He grins. "You better watch me."

And just like that, the taller male had dashed off to meet with his teammates, leaving George alone in the hallway in a short trance. He had snapped out of it quickly and began to run the other way to where the bleachers were located.

He was shaken out of his thoughts by the whizzing noises made by the wizards as they circled around the area, one of them being Technoblade, one of his housemates and their respective Seeker. He glances up at him, his pink hair tied into a neat ponytail showing off his pig ears. Their eyes meet, and George offers up a small raised fist to show him that he's cheering on for him as well.

Techno had given him a small smile, seeming to know what was going on. George flushed at this, bundling up the cloak given to him in an attempt to comfort his nerves.

It isn't that he didn't believe in Dream, He really does so 100%.

It's just that the Slytherin's demeanor was just *different* today.

His thought process was stopped when the crowd started shrieking in both joy and fear as the game had started, brooms ramming into each other and being dangerously close to other pupils as they wet head-to-head against each other.

George quickly puts a hand up, blocking the strong gust and particles of dust from getting into his eyes before gazing upward to see that both Dream and Techno were perched on opposite sides of the arena, observing and looking for the golden snitch.

He leans over to check on Sapnap and Karl. Two players had bumped into each other, causing them to fling away at opposite directions. One of them had just managed to graze the pillar right in between him and his friends. George had ducked down in time whilst Sapnap had pulled Karl closer to him, acting as a shield from any possible harm.

He immediately gets back up, "Karl! Sapnap! Are you guys alright?!"

"We're fine!" Came Sapnap's muffled reply as he helped Karl stand back up. The Hufflepuff immediately checked around for minor injuries, to which Sapnap had immediately began to reassure that he wasn't wounded anywhere.

Putting his focus back onto the game, George has noted that during that moment, Ravenclaw had earned 20 points whilst Slytherin had 10. As much as he'd be willing to have pride swell in his chest as his house was in the lead, this seemed to be a really important event to the Slytherin.

"Oh, yeah, George!" Karl called out from his side of the benches, causing George to lean over to hear him a bit better. "Have you found out what happened with Dream?"

George frowned as he recalled the moment from a while ago, "I didn't get to!"

The brunet had dashed off from the bleachers after his friend was summoned by his housemate's younger brother. He tries to remember which path they took without making much noise in the

hallway.

What did Techno and his little brother have to do with Dream? Did the blond get himself into trouble again?

He weaves through corridor to corridor, trying to keep track of the noises their steps were making, before hearing the two males halt. He ceases his movements as well and hid behind one of the pillars just before the Slytherin had turned his head around.

“Dream? What’s the matter?” The pink-haired male peered up at him, receiving a shake of the blond’s head.

“I thought someone was tailing us. It seemed to be my imagination. So, what’s your big brother’s deal?”

“My deal,” Techno had emerged from the corner of the wall, his arms crossed, “Is that you’re not taking much of a risk, here, Dream.”

Dream nodded his head in acknowledgement of his presence, “Techno.”

The Ravenclaw had continued his statement, “I know what you and George had been going through, from breaking his nose and dancing around each other to just being painfully blind to each other’s feelings.”

Dream seemed to have a displeased expression on his face which caused his little brother to look at them in worry. His fretting was calmed down when his older sibling raised his hand to tell him that everything is under control.

“I’m sure you’re much more of a risk-taker than what you’re showing us.”

“What are you getting at, Techno?” Dream questioned, attempting to keep his tone as equal as he could. He was slowly getting ticked off by the minute.

“What I’m trying to say is,” The pink-haired male explained. “Let’s make a bet. For this upcoming

match.”

Lucas had bounded away for a bit, seeming to have heard a noise from a few pillars down the hallway, when Dream had furrowed his eyebrows in thought.

A bet? For this coming match? Won't that be too soon? But, then again, it was apparently concerning him and his relationship with George. Obviously, he'd drop everything for George. "What do you have in mind, Boar?"

A pleased glint in his eyes, "You have to prove to me that you're worthy of George's time. I, too, am a friend of George. I can't just sit still and see him end up being led around by the muggle I've been up against the entire time I've been in this school." His gaze softens slightly. "He's been hurt before. You're my rival; You'll have to prove to me that I can trust you with him. If you don't win this match, you'll never speak to him again."

Not be able to speak to George ever again? Dream immediately thinks about the brunet, how his face lights up once he enters the common room they agreed to meet up in, how he saves him from any unneeded bullying from his peers, how he's always been there when he needed him most.

Surely, he cannot risk their entire friendship on an exchange of words.

*But his pride. His stupid, **stupid** pride. He can't let this go; his friend's housemate belittling their bond ticking him off quite greatly. He wanted to prove it to him so badly, so proving it to him he must.*

*"And if I **do** win," The Slytherin squinted at the pink-haired male as he agreed to his gamble, "Keep your snout out of anyone else's business. And I **mean** it, Techno."*

The Ravenclaw raised both of his hands up in mock surrender, "A deal's a deal, sire. Just make sure you do what you're told to do."

The blond had glared at his rival one last time before turning away from him to make his way back to his friends. Hopefully he wasn't too late to practice a bit more with Sapnap.

"Techno!" The older Ravenclaw had glanced back, his little brother had come running back to his side. "You didn't mean anything you said, right? I don't want to see George sad because of this..."

Smiling, the pig-eared male had ruffled his younger sibling's hair. "Everything's a bluff, Luke. Sometimes, things are needed to be said."

After making a turn, the tall male had bumped into someone. "Sorry— George?"

"Dream!" The older male gasped as he looked up. He was so busy with running away from Lucas that he ended up missing out on their whole conversation. "Where did you go? What happened? Why was Techno's little brother calling for you? Why did Techno even call you in the first place?"

Dream laughs as George spills out all the questions that had been bothering him in one whole sitting. He places his hands on the shorter male's shoulders, effectively stopping his string of inquiries. "Everything's okay, George. He just wanted to talk to me for a little bit about a project is all. Let's go back to the other two, okay?"

He glances up to see that both Dream and Techno were perched at the sides opposite to each other. Both of them were eyeing each other whilst taking note of their surroundings, the air tense between them.

The moment the blond's team had scored another set of 10 points, rapid fluttering could be heard and both Seekers' heads have perked up. If George could focus his hearing better, he could hear it zipping from the far left, top right, left, right, left, *right*—

And suddenly, the noise was balanced.

The snitch was seated above George's spot in the bleachers.

The first to react was Techno, the pig-eared male had immediately turned his broom towards the winged-golden sphere. Just by a mere millisecond later, Dream had zoomed towards the same direction.

Just as Techno was about to grab ahold of the snitch, it had quickly darted away from his reach. Due to the miscalculations of his distance and speed, the Ravenclaw Seeker was then thrown off his balance and was about to fall off his broom and on top of George. The older male had brought up both of his arms in attempt to brace himself, but the weight of another human body never came. He quickly looked up to see the Slytherin dragging him back up on broom roughly.

“*Watch it.*” Dream growled as he pulled at the others’ uniform, his gaze cold and sending daggers to his opponent’s way. He then sets off after the golden snitch. Technoblade could only blink, stunned in place for a solid few seconds, before following suit.

Astonished, George could only blink at what had just happened right in front of his eyes. He has never seen or heard the younger male being *so* angry before. Not even when he was being pushed around by his fellow housemates and Wilbur. He would always contain his distaste of things, handle his emotions before acting on a decision.

He gulped, taking note that Dream was a flame you should never cross with.

George continued to watch the two wrestle and collide into each other as they reached out for the golden sphere. He would flinch at every jab and crash the blond would take from the pink-haired male, sometimes to the point where he really can’t bring himself to watch the person he’s enamored with continuously getting hurt by his housemate and would hide his face behind the oversized sleeves of the blond’s cloak.

Sapnap and Karl on the other hand were also focusing on the other Slytherin players, whooping and hollering at them as they score points in an attempt to tie against the other Ravenclaws. For a moment, the Gryffindor took a moment to cup his hands and yell, “*Go get ‘em, Dream!!*”

“*You got this, Dream! It’s within your reach!!*” Karl followed after him, grinning from ear to ear.

The Ravenclaw could only bring his hands together and *squeeze*, his knuckles turning alabaster. *Please*, He begins to wish, *Please win. I believe in you, please*. His hands were shaking and clammy due to the pure anxiety he had, but he didn’t pay mind to it, he just wanted him to *win*.

As Dream and Techno continued to bump into each other’s sides, there was this one point where Techno was about to ram into Dream once more but the Slytherin had decided to duck under the pig-eared male, causing the opposing Seeker to stumble off of his broom.

George gasped; this was a big opportunity for Dream to grab ahold of the snitch!

As the blond had managed to regain his balance, he began to reach out towards the winged sphere. George had tried to squint his eyes to see if Dream was anywhere close to getting the ball, but before he could deem whether or not he was, the Slytherin was sent tumbling into the sandy terrain

of the arena.

George flinched and shielded his eyes, cringing at the possible pain Dream would be going through at that moment whilst hearing the rustling of ragged clothing against the sandy terrain. He could only wish that he didn't suffer any bad injuries after this match.

The entire stadium had gone quiet, and George slowly opened spaces in between his fingers to see why no one was reacting. He stares at the dirtied *dark yellow* uniform that belonged to the younger male that was slowly being dragged as he was standing up. He shakily raises his arm and opens his palm.

The golden snitch had laid snug in his hand.

George gasped, and everyone around them have began to scream at the top of their lungs as the speaker had announced that the Slytherin house had won 150 points and congratulated the winning team. George's face slowly melted into the biggest grin as he clapped along, hearing Karl and Sapnap challenging each other to who could shout the loudest. Glancing at the two from where he stood, the lighthearted contest was forgotten when the Gryffindor had lifted the Hufflepuff in his arms as they continued to loudly celebrate the victory of their best friend.

Dream was currently being carried around by his team along with his broom, extremely proud for how he had managed to push through with his role of being a Seeker and being aware of how much he's been training for the past few weeks. His kettle-like wheezes can be heard from across the entire arena as he weakly whoops.

The blond slowly looked around, green eyes meeting proud, brown ones. He gave the Ravenclaw a small smirk before looking over to Wilbur who had his broom, asking him to lend it to him. Upon obtaining the item, his housemates had helped him get onto it without worsening his injuries. He slowly (and carefully) flies up to where George was seated.

He stops himself right in front of the older male, holding up the tiny golden sphere that fluttered its mechanical wings as he showed it off. "I told you I'd win it for you, didn't I?"

George's eyes began to tear up at the hoarse voice that came from the blond in front of him as he chuckled into his hands that were covering his mouth. He was aware of the number of eyes that were on the both of them, but he willed himself to ignore them as he wanted to cherish this moment as much as he can. He was both relieved that he had won, but also worried sick at how much bruises were covering his skin. "What are you doing?"

“Open your hand, George,” Dream’s grin widening, his voice almost a whisper. “It can be like a memento for this tournament.”

The Ravenclaw reached out one of his hands to accept the gift from the male in front of him, “You’re *such* an idiot.”

“Yeah, *your* idiot.” The blond chuckled, before swaying back and forth. “Now, call Wilbur and tell him to bring me to the clinic. I think I hit my head a little bit too hard while getting that little guy.”

The Slytherin had slurred his words before falling back, causing George to hold onto the tip of his broom to keep him levitating. He quickly keeps the golden snitch in his pocket before bringing two fingers to his lips, whistling a tune that only Wilbur would recognize.

The older Slytherin had turned his head up to him, his attention being called for. Seeing this as a cue to fly up to him, the light-haired male had straddled himself onto his broom to fly up to his level. He glances at his friend and his teammate who was unconscious on his own broom, “Will, he’s passed out.”

“Obviously,” Wilbur had replied with an eye roll.

“Will.” George gave him a pointed look. “Bring him to the clinic and *don’t do anything you know that may be stupid.*”

The light-haired male had already begun to carry the blond’s body over to his broom, “Yes, George, I know. I’m just messing with you.”

As they took off, George could suddenly hear hollering coming from his left side as he took away his best friend’s broom. “*WOOO, GEORGE! YOU GET ‘IM!!*”

He turns to Sappap with a red face, silently thanking Karl for covering him in his scarf in an attempt to shut him up (and possibly choke him).

The male then feels for the golden snitch in his pocket and covers his mouth behind his sleeve to hide his smile.

Techno glances at his friend from his spot on the ground. He feels proud, even though he was proven wrong in front of *thousands* of people. He doesn't mind it one bit. He just wanted what was best for his friend, and maybe even from then on, he could consider his rival as his friend too.

Wilbur passes by him, "Are you pleased with the outcome, Blade?"

The pink-haired male hummed, his eyebrows raised in amusement at the limp body on the older Slytherin's broom. Dream had a lot of potential; he believes in that now. He has high amounts of respect for the blond.

"Could've been better if only the snitch didn't stay where George was," He began, a joking tone lacing his statement, "But, truthfully, I wouldn't ask for a rematch. That match turned out a whole lot better than what I had expected."

Wilbur seemed surprised, expecting more of a bite to come out of his best friend's mouth but was met with a genuine comment instead. He glances at the ~~dumb moron~~ male balanced on his broom. He wondered what George even saw in this reckless, mostly airheaded, cocky bastard. But, seeing that his best friend had gained his approval, then maybe his little brother figure is in good hands.

"Good enough for me," Wilbur then agreed before setting off to the Hospital Wing.

Chapter End Notes

i cant do action chapters for shite :'D

but i do hope you enjoyed this one !!! next one is quite,,, inch-resting :eye emoji:

beufddlement draught.

Chapter by [mik mik](#)

Chapter Summary

in which dream remembers and would rather forget.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Can you hand that to me?”

“Which one?” A tinier voice squeaked, confused.

“That other screwdriver over there, Dris.” Dream said, his tone a bit strained as he tried to secure a screw into the side of the goggles as tight as he could. “*Dris!*”

When he didn’t hear any shuffling of feet, he looked up to see the screwdriver levitating in front of his eyes. Eyebrows furrowing, he grabs ahold of the tool.

“*Drista.*” He called out to his younger sister, who was still snug in her bed. “You know we can’t use magic *outside* of Hogwarts. You can’t get used to using it here just because no one can really see us.”

Drista rolled her eyes, “This’ll be the *last* time.”

“And that’s *exactly* what you said before, and the time before that, and the *time before that.*” Dream pushed on, warning her. “If you do this again, I’m not sparing you anymore Chocolate Frogs.”

“Then I’ll just—”

“*And* I’ll tell Wilbur to not let the Doble Twins give you some, *either.*” Dream turns around to meet the younger girl’s gaze, her eyebrows scrunched together and her mouth forming a frown. He

cocked his head to the side, beckoning her to come closer. “Now, come on. Help me finish this up so that I don’t have to worry about this tomorrow.”

Their 6th year was about to start, which meant George’s birthday was about to come at any time now. He can’t wait to hang out with their little group again and celebrate it together, it’s always been what he’s been looking forward to even though he doesn’t feel like being in classes. It’s their company that he enjoys so dearly, and he’s sure that the same goes to his little sister, whose friend group consists of the twins, Tommy and Tubbo Doble.

He and the ‘Team’ had kept in contact with each other via owl. He wished that muggle devices could work in the magical realm as well, but it could only maintain as a wish. His last contact was with George, about a week ago, where he asked him to meet him up at the Astronomy Tower to give him something as a birthday present. He had agreed, and Dream couldn’t help but look forward to his reaction of what he had made for him even more.

“There we go,” Dream grins as he held up the set of leather goggles, checking twice for any defects or mistakes. “This seems pretty okay. Dris, can you come here? I wanna see if I can easily adjust the tightness of it.”

The younger blonde seated in front of him, her older brother gently placing the set of goggles on top of her forehead. She chuckles a bit after whistling, “Wow, it’s crazy to know that your hands are still *extremely careful and steady* after that nasty fall you took during your game of Quidditch.”

“A game of Quidditch that *I won*, mind you.” He reminds her with the same snarky tone as he adjusts the band. “Are you planning to join the team, by the way?”

“By the time you graduate, most likely.” Drista said aloud, earning a hum from her older brother as he fastened the belt.

“Taking after me, huh?” He smiles down at her before leaning back. “There. Is it too tight?”

“It fits as snug as a bug.” She replied, even pushing the goggles down to settle on top of her eyes. she then turns around to look at her brother with a goofy smile on her face, causing him to laugh at her.

“Cute, it suits you.” Dream teased before reaching around her head to carefully remove the handmade eyewear. “Now head on to bed. Train leaves early tomorrow.”

Drista grins before giving him a hug, “G’night, Dream. I’m sure he’ll love it.”

He glances down at the bandages that cover her arms, a memory creeping its way up his spine before being shoved down by habit.

The younger of the two had noticed the shift in atmosphere, sending him a concerned glance. Dream shakes his head before smiling back in return, “You’re the best, Dris.”

Dream cradles his suitcase close to his chest. He can’t wait to see George and the others again. He and Drista were really early for the train, since he *just couldn’t sit still*, so they were here waiting for other pupils to arrive.

Suddenly, someone had plopped in the seat in front of him. “Boo!”

He clutched onto his case even tighter in surprise, “Sapnap! You *jerk!*”

Sapnap chuckled as he made faces at him, “I scared you, I scared you!”

An absolute child, Dream thinks as he rolls his eyes at his antics before looking up to see Karl coming in. The Gryffindor followed his gaze and they both beam at the Hufflepuff at the same time. “Karl!”

“Hey guys!” Karl sent a toothy grin their way as he took a seat next to Sapnap. He then takes a curious glance around, “Where’s Gogmeister?”

Dream frowns at this, “He’s usually the earliest out of all of us here.”

Sensing the distress coming from the blond, the light-haired male was quick to reassure him per usual. “I’m sure he just forgot something at his place! It’s probably not a big deal. He’ll catch up on the next train, I’m sure.”

The Slytherin had smiled at this, thanking him for his attempt at reassuring him. His partner then proceeded to loop an arm around him and pull him close, squeezing the Hufflepuff and placing kisses all over his cheeks.

Dream could only laugh at their public display of affection, feeling happy that his best friends were together. He kind of wished that he'd have the same opportunity with the absent Ravenclaw, his heart aching in adoration for the male. He shook his head to remove the thought, looking out the window as the train began to move.

"Dream," Sapnap's voice had echoed throughout his head. "Dream, wake up. We're here."

The blond blinked, his arms sore from staying in one position as he held his bag close. He continued to attempt to blink away the sleepiness, looking up at Sapnap. His best friend had given him a small smile as he helped him up from his seat, leading him out of the train to meet up with Karl outside to head to the dorm grounds.

The three of them had walked their separate ways to go to their common rooms to leave their items, Sapnap kissing Karl on the cheek before parting, and headed to classes immediately.

Having to sit through Charms and Herbology without annoying George is just *dreadful*. Dream had slept through both classes and was told off *both times*, resorting to doodling in his notebook to keep him up. Even during lunch, he had seemed so low on energy to the point where he couldn't even bring himself to deal with Karl and Sapnap's idiocy at the table.

The two are visibly worried at their friend's behavior, knowing all too well that as much as he enjoys the time being home with his family he still would prefer spending as much time with George as much as he can even if it meant just a second of seeing his face.

Dream glances up and sends them a small smile their way in an attempt to calm them down, saying something along the lines of his state being temporary and that he's just overreacting. The couple knew that it was just an excuse but understood him enough to not question it even further and instead decided to try lightening up the mood as much as they can.

The moment he reached his bed after greeting his little sister goodnight, he tried to get himself to sleep right away. He kept twisting and turning, finding possible ways he can get comfortable in his sheets but it proved to be useless. Instead, he pulled out his wand, quill, and a sheet of paper.

Whispering *Lumos* as quietly as he can, summoning a tiny ball of light on the tip of his wand, he began writing away a letter to his friend.

It starts off with scribbled words of ~~Where have you been? Why aren't you here? Did something bad happen?~~ before ultimately beginning his letter with a simple *Hey, George*.

It begins to branch out to how his day has been, how he was excited to celebrate his birthday (that was a day away, mind you.) with him and the group again this year. How he felt off the moment he stepped into the train, when their seats were empty without the bookworm they all know and love occupying it.

He then goes on about how he got scolded by the Professors because he wasn't there to back him up and distract them from interrupting his sleep. He continued to write about how lunch just wasn't the same without the brunet's presence at the table, his awkward yet snarky comebacks against Sapnap's teasing and his ~~adorable~~ giggles that mix with Karl's bubbly laughter.

He then ends it with a tone of concern, before rolling it up and tying it with a green ribbon. He walks over to the side of his bed, where a caged owl is perched on its little platform. He unlocks the cage, bringing the Snowy Owl out with him to an open window. She bristles her feathers as she stirs awake, the blond sending an apologetic look towards the small animal.

He then ties the scroll to one of her little feet gently, and although he knows that the bird knows exactly who to give it to, he still says who to send it to in the most gentle tone he could ever muster, "Ivory, send this letter to George, okay? And return to me safely."

The owl blinks at him one last time before flying out through the window, beginning her journey to deliver. Dream then hears someone's footsteps coming over, so he immediately closes the window as quietly as he could. He whispers *Nox* as he jumps back into bed, covering himself with his sheets to avoid getting into trouble for staying up past curfew.

It's been two days, and past George's birthday.

He fiddled with the bag in his hands, which contained the goggles he had made for the British male. His thumbs brushing against the velvet texture of the pouch. He was skipping his first morning class for the second time this week by staying at the supposed meet-up place, the

Astronomy Tower. The Slytherin looked out of the open window, golden rays of sunshine glazing over the open land of the courtyard.

He couldn't help but worry for the Ravenclaw, even though he's well aware that the male can handle himself. This was the longest he was apart from the brunet including the entire summer break. He furrows his eyebrows as he stands up from his spot, stuffing the goggles carefully into his pockets before dashing back to the busy corridors.

"Dream!" Sapnap greeted with worry and exasperation. "The Professors were looking all over for you! You missed our first joint Potions class of the year. I could've been paired up with you and *blew shit up*, but I was partnered with Soot instead."

"George isn't here again." Was all that left the Slytherin's mouth, earning a frown from the younger male in front of him. Sapnap had stood beside him, laying a hand on his shoulder as they made their way to the Great hall for their usual lunch meeting.

"Are you planning to sneak out again tonight?" The dark-haired male asked, to which the blond nodded to. "Would you like me to accompany you? It would be safer that way."

Dream shook his head, "No need, Sapnap. I'd rather you stay safe in your room with your housemates rather than to risk you getting possibly injured and having Karl get angry at me for being reckless."

Sapnap looked to him, seeming offended, and Dream raises his hands. "It isn't that I don't trust you, Sap. I know fully well that you can handle yourself very well. I just care about you too much to just let you go along with my selfish decisions."

"... You and your stupid stubbornness." The Gryffindor scoffed as he scowled, "Always trying to have your way and shrugging off any helping hands that come your way. You're a prick, y'know."

The blond went silent at that. He knows that Sapnap doesn't mean what he had said and that it was just the frustration of not being of any help talking. He just doesn't know how to properly handle it.

After a while of silence, the younger male spoke up again. "You can rely on us when you're in dire need of help, Nimrod."

Dream grinned. “Thanks, Sapnap.”

“*Lumos.*”

He quietly works his way out of his bed, reaching for the cloak of invisibility that he had borrowed from his sister. With the softest footsteps he could ever muster, he made his way out of the common rooms.

Yielding the Marauder’s Map that Sapnap had lent to him, he mutters *I solemnly swear that I am up to no good* as the map unfolds itself and reveals the layout of the entire castle. He carefully maneuvers around the corridors whilst taking note of the folk that could be around guarding and making sure that the children were staying in their respective dorms.

He makes his way around the dark courtyard, the light on his wand dimming. He waved his wand around in panic before casting another round of *Lumos*. He looks at his surroundings as he stumbled around looking for a possible exit in order to look for his friend.

The Slytherin then heard a chilling noise and felt a sudden drop in temperature. He turns around immediately, feeling extremely terrified at the new sensation. He’s completely bundled himself in the cloak, but it was to the point where he felt as if he were suffocating so he had peeked his head out.

The sound of ruffling could be heard from a while away, and he immediately opens up the Marauder’s Map. He peers at it and gapes at it as there was nothing on it. Befuddled, he looks around as he mutters *Mischief Managed* before stuffing it away in his back pocket. He uses the tiny bulb of light that remained on the tip of his wand to look around.

Call it wishful thinking, but he mutters out a hushed “George?” as he wandered around the courtyard. As he went through different twists and turns, he felt another chill come up his spine. Dream immediately turns around and yet sees nothing.

Annoyed, he called out. “Come out and fight me! Stop toying around!”

And as he turned around after saying those words, he turned around one more time to meet a faceless creature. It was as dark as the night, with no stars to illuminate the way. It didn’t have the

same welcoming mood as the evening with a full moon, and instead was just cold and alone. It let out the raspiest screech the male had ever heard in his entire life as it continued to get closer.

Terrified, Dream faltered in his steps and stumbled backwards and dropped his wand and other belongings. His breath and his heart rate picking up as he sensed danger in any direction, he froze right on the spot as the foul creature had crept in even closer. Its focus was stuck on him, and it was to the point where he suddenly felt all his energy being drained, its snarl taking away his breath and instilling even more fear into his system.

As he tried to will himself to fight against the creature, he could hear screams. Certain screams that reminded him of a moment that he'd rather forget forever.

Panic arises in his system, and he slowly started to remember.

He slowly started to remember that it came from his little sister, Drista.

His parents had left him with her to watch over the house while they were gone. He was so sure that he was the only one in the family that had the potential to become a wizard, when he had pulled the most simple mistake that had almost ended up losing a life.

He had only just spent the entire time, studying the 2nd year's subject books in advance as he was transferring to Hogwarts. He decided that he could study, practice, and entertain his sister all at the same time.

What a mistake that was.

He ran towards the living room. He knew he shouldn't have left the book of charms and his wand where she could reach. He knew he shouldn't have shown off his ability to her, as her curiosity started to grow in multitudes of levels.

He spots his sister, crying and screaming in the middle of the room as there were flames covering the entire area around her.

In panic, he had immediately gotten a pail of water in an attempt to put out the fire, a muggle's habit. It only backfired though, as it caused the flames to grow even larger to the point where it had harmed Drista even more. Her shrieks had snapped him out of it and he had realized that she

was holding his wand.

*“Drista!” He called out, his voice loud and booming. “Give me the wand, **now!**”*

In fear, she had stopped crying for a bit before tossing the wand weakly towards his direction. Dream had managed to catch it before the wooden stick had touched the flames and immediately casted Finite Incantatem.

As the flames had died out, he immediately tried to patch up his sister. She ends up crawling away from him, utterly terrified of what he’s capable of doing. Her cries got louder and louder to the point where their parents had heard it the moment they were by the door.

He was deemed dangerous by his own family. His own little sister hated and feared him. His future is now in shambles, and it was all his fault.

It was around 4 am, and he was in his room throwing the biggest fit. He was under his cover, sobbing at the memory of his father threatening him to pull him out of the magic school. As he was skimming through his book one more time, he had come across the only possible solution he could ever come to.

He had bundled his blanket around him as he made his way towards the room where all his family members had slept in, his siblings too terrified of him to be with. He held his wand tight in his right hand shakily.

And 12-year-old Dream had raised his wand, aiming at all of his family members with tears in his swollen eyes, casting Obliviate ever so quietly.

“Expecto Patronum!”

Suddenly, Dream was brought back to the present hyperventilating. He tried to catch his breath as his heart was pulsing ever so quickly. The male had begun to crawl away, a hand clutching at where his heart was located and the other clawing at his throat whilst gulping in as much air as he could.

The Slytherin turned around to see who had come to rescue him, and he could only croak out in shock. “George...?”

The Ravenclaw was busy casting a spell that shot out a blinding circle of light, repelling away the damned creature that had tried to take away Dream's soul. His arm was shaking as he tried to maintain the spell for as long as he could, before ultimately lowering his wand the moment he decided that it was safe enough. His attention snapped back onto the younger male when he started coughing again, eyebrows furrowed in anger as brown pupils scanned the other's body.

"You *absolute moron*," He hissed through gritted teeth, and if Dream could squint, there were tears in his eyes. He cradled the Slytherin in his lap, the younger still feeling too weak to stand up. "Why are you out here, wandering about, *in the dark and past curfew?! Don't you know how incredibly stupid* that is?!"

"You're..." Dream gaped, blinking away his own tears as he tried to make sense of what's going on. "What took you so long...?"

"I had to stay back because my family had this event that we all needed to be present in. I sent a letter and everything— *Did you not get it?*" George asked quite harshly, and all Dream could do was shake his head no. George seemed even more ticked off, turning his head away whilst muttering "That *stupid* mule," most likely referring to Wilbur.

"What was that... just now?" Dream could only rasp out, still terrified out of his own mind. The memories that he swore to have buried to the back of his mind have resurfaced and he's never felt so vulnerable.

George could probably tell what he was feeling, so his tone dropped into more of a gentle one. "That was a Dementor, Dream. They feed off on whatever happiness you have, and leave you damaged and empty with the most painful memories you've ever experienced."

And Dream, who had never gotten into this kind of situation before, had immediately curled up and buried his head into the crook of the brunet's neck. He had clung onto him, sobbing into his shoulder. He's never felt so shaken up before, and all George could do was hold him even tighter as he cried.

"Oh, Dream.." He cooed, running his hand through his dirty blond hair in an attempt to soothe him. The brunet had even pressed his lips against his head, "It's okay, I'm here. I'm safe and so are you. We're okay."

And they just stayed like that for a moment or two, the younger male not being able to do anything

other than to cry. He thought it was so annoying to be in this kind of state, and he tried to pry himself from the older male's hold, but the grip on him began to tighten as if to tell him that he shouldn't have to shy away.

George only let go of him when he was extra sure that he was okay. They both got up, Dream helping George with carrying his suitcase.

The Slytherin then grabbed ahold of the shorter male's hand, as if remembering something. George only looked at him in confusion.

"Actually," Dream started, "Can we stop by the flower patch nearby? I just... really need to show you something."

The Ravenclaw squinted his eyes at this, "Fine, but as long as we don't stay out here even later than we already are."

Mustering up the closest thing he has to a grin, George had led them both to the flower patch with both their hands linked together. The taller male had set down his belongings really quickly, "Can you, um, turn around and close your eyes?"

George furrowed his eyebrows for the nth time that night, but obliged anyway as he turned away from Dream shutting his eyes.

Dream had reached into his pockets, bringing out the velvet pouch that contained the handmade goggles he had created for him. His hands shaky, he tries his best to gently place the eyewear around his neck and fasten the belt carefully in order to not pinch any bit of skin or trap any strand of hair.

He takes a few steps away, smiling silently. The delivery of the gift wasn't perfect, but it's the best that it could ever be right now. "Happy Birthday, Georgie."

George slowly opened his eyes, doubling over in shock as he glanced down at the newest item in his possession. His nimble fingers run across the brown leather in awe.

"*Dream*," He gaped, feeling his emotions overflow as he lets a hand fly up to his mouth. "Dream, no way. Where'd you get these?"

“Handmade.” The blond shrugged, to which the brunet raised his eyebrows at.

“Handmade?!” He quietly shrieked, “You made these? And I’m guessing these lenses were only found in the muggle world?”

Dream nodded, amused at the reaction he was getting from the now 17-year-old male.

Tearing up, George could only laugh. The Slytherin had missed that sound *so* much that it brought a smile onto his face as well. “Thank you so much, Dream. This means so much to me.”

The Slytherin had laughed along with him. As he was about to help him readjust the goggles to his eyes in order to give the new lenses a try, they could both hear the jingles of keys and the slow dragging of feet in a nearby corridor.

They look at each other, before quietly giggling as the taller male took ahold of his belongings once more. “Now, let’s get you to your room before someone catches us out here.” He grinned, George looping his arm around his as the blond whispered *Nox*, dimming the area around them as they dashed back to their respective places.

They’ll just find another time to experience this.

Chapter End Notes

yay angst :D

hope you guys enjoy this one !!! <333

Doubt My Action But Never My Intentions

Chapter by [Serene Serendipity](#)

Chapter Summary

In which a light-hearted prank turns dark

Chapter Notes

So... this took longer than expected and I apologize for that. Several storms hit my area consecutively and cut my power for like, 3 whole days so i wasn't able to post it last Friday like i originally intended :/

BUT ITS HERE NOW!

I thank everyone who patiently waited for the update and I hope you enjoy :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream, George and Bad were all hanging out in the courtyard near the Charms classroom. George and Dream sat on the edge of the fountain, facing each other. Bad was off to their side, sitting on a chair Dream had transfigured from a spare quill in his bag that currently lies on the floor beside George's. Bad not possessing a bag because the older boy left it in his dorm.

They all wore similar expressions of concentration. Focused on a high stakes game of Exploding Snap. What started off as a simple card matching game to pass the time quickly turned intense when Bad had joined in.

The Hufflepuff had just finished his last class of the day, Herbology, and was on his way to meet up with a certain Ravenclaw when he stumbled upon Dream and George lazily matching cards, clearly bored out of their wits. Bad then had the great idea to suggest playing the third variant of the game after overhearing some of the younger years talking about how wild it was. This piqued both boys' interest. They managed to get Bad into staying with and joining them since it was his idea after all.

One thing led to another and that's how they ended up where they currently were, with Dream close to throwing the stupid cards into the fountain, George whining that Dream was being unfair and Bad clearly regretting his decisions.

Dream already had one card open on the outer circle, he just needed to pick another one in the

inner ring. This should not be as complicated as he's making it out to be. However, with a promise of the loser doing the winner's essays - even if the winner was in another year - and the cards threatening to explode in his face should he pick the wrong card, Dream could safely say that he is not blowing the severity out of proportion. He was currently ahead of George in points, making him second. Bad was, surprisingly, in the lead with a sizeable score gap. It was a battle of who loses between George and Dream.

As much as Dream loves George, he was not going to allow him to win.

Dream was carefully pondering over which card to flip over when he heard heavy footsteps approaching them. Dream looks up, looking for any excuse to prolong the game so that he didn't have to pick a card that may decide his fate. Dream sees George following his line of sight in the corner of his eye, probably noticing he wasn't paying attention to the cards anymore. Skeppy and Sapnap were running towards them, the former's hand suspiciously clutching his robes. Mischievous glints present in both of their eyes.

Dream stomach churns at their presence, knowing if the two came together, bad things were soon to follow.

"Hey guys!" George raises his hand in greeting. "Why are you both running?" He suspiciously remarks, also dubious at their combined company.

Bad turns around, finally noticing the newcomers to their group.

"Skeppy!" Bad cheerily greets the approaching Ravenclaw. His previously bleak face breaking into a bright, toothy smile.

"Don't 'Hi Skeppy' me," Skeppy sulks, the playful look dimming a bit and mixing with a hint of actual disappointment.

"Where were you? You made me wait for you." He pouts, crossing his arms. Face looking like a cat left out in the rain.

"I'm sorry Geppy," Bad tries using the nickname that Dream knows Skeppy is weak for. A pretty clever move to get the Ravenclaw to forgive him. "I didn't mean to make you wait I promise! I just got caught up-"

“No! no excuses!” Skeppy cuts Bad off, the nickname not affecting him this time.

“Skeppy, listen-“

“I said no Bad!”

“Ske-“

“Whatcha got there Skeppy?”

Dream interjects, knowing that if he didn’t, those two would go on for a *long* time and they wouldn't get anywhere. Not to mention that some real feelings we're actually hurt, and Dream didn't want to see the good-humored bickering turn into a legitimate argument.

When Skeppy turns to look at the Slytherin, he could see the hurt slowly withdraw and be replaced with the earlier mischievous gleam. The Ravenclaw grins at him menacingly, trading mischievous looks with his partner in crime.

The bad feeling pooling at his gut grows stronger.

“Oh, something,” Skeppy get a mysterious air about him. “I think you’ll like it.”

“I highly doubt that.” Bad squints his eyes at him dubiously.

“Don't say that when you haven't even tried it yet,” Skeppy looks at him haughtily. “Eggs. basket and all of that you know?”

“I don't think that applies to the current situation.” The Hufflepuff mutters more to himself but everyone still heard him.

“Shut up Bad, you know what I mean.” Skeppy finally decides to stop being so secretive and show what he’s been hiding inside his robes.

Dream feels slightly underwhelmed at what he sees. Skeppy had presented a small vial with a flourish meant for something more exciting than *that*. The only characteristic that even remotely looks intriguing is how the concoction inside the vial looks.

It has a multi-colored luster to it, reminding Dream of liquified pearlescent smoke. If that was what Skeppy and Sapnap wanted them to see, then they didn't need to be so secretive.

Which meant that ogling at the potion's appearance is not the original purpose for it to be brought to them.

"That's it?" Dream looks at them incredulously, gesturing to the vial in Skeppy's hand. "That's what you wanted us to see?"

"Yeah," George pitches in. "No offense but I thought it would be something more... grand? I guess?"

Bad hums and nods at their points, sharing their sentiments.

Sapnap tuts at them, shaking his head conceitedly. He steps closer to Skeppy, slinging his arms around him and draws the two closer to the trio.

"It might seem harmless," Sapnap gives them an unsettling smile with Skeppy matching his look. "But looks can be deceiving."

George's speaks with sarcasm dripping from his voice. "That is totally not ominous at all."

"Does it do anything?" Bad looks towards the vial, head tilted in curiosity, eyes perfectly innocent.

Both boys whipped their heads to focus on Bad, their already unnerving grins growing impossibly wider. They corner him to his chair, blocking any chance for him to back out and escape.

"Would you like to find out?"

Dream speaks up, trying stop the building irritation from leaking into his voice. “Can’t you just tell us?”

He doesn’t understand the secrecy behind the potion and it’s slowly getting on Dream’s nerves. Given, it is unlike any potion they’ve tackled in their classes so far. However, the potion couldn’t be that special if Sapnap and Skeppy have it in their possession.

Judging from George’s face of apprehension and Bad’s complete obliviousness, It’s a potion neither of them have encountered before either. Which makes no sense as both Bad and George possess some of the highest marks in the subject for their respective years. They are also both notorious for studying in advance. So it doesn’t make sense that the top potions students look dumbfounded about the potion but the two pranksters know about it.

Unless all parties are withholding information from each other.

“Okay prick, we’ll tell you, no need to get so pissy.” Sapnap scrunches his face. Maybe, Dream didn’t hide his tone as well as he would have liked.

“Hey!” Bad slaps Sapnap’s arm, but it’s more like a forceful tap. “Language!” The eldest chastises him with a stern tone.

Dream notices Sapnap rolling his eyes at Bad. Though Skeppy elbows him and sharply mutters something to the other boy. Sapnap give him a sheepish look before turning to Dream once again.

“I don’t know much this-“ The Gryffindor taps the vial Skeppy is still holding. “-actually. But I think Skeppy knows more than I do.” Sapnap removes the arm around Skeppy’s shoulder, shoving the other boy to let him take over.

Passing responsibility to avoid being possibly scolded, classic Sapnap.

The Ravenclaw gives a withering glare to Sapnap, receiving a beaming grin in return. Dream would’ve huffed a laugh at the two if he wasn’t waiting for an explanation.

“Okay so” Skeppy starts “Sapnap is lying and I honestly don’t know much either-“

Groans of frustration sound out and Dream throws his head back, annoyed.

“-But” Skeppy gestures to let him finish. “What I do know is that, once I open this and all of you smell it, it apparently tells you something about yourself that you didn’t know about.”

“So like a revealing potions?” George offers for comparison. ” But I’ve never seen any revealing type potion that look remotely similar.”

“I mean, you are colourblind George.” Dream points out.

“True...” George agrees reluctantly. “But that doesn’t mean I still wouldn’t be able to recognize it.”

The other Ravenclaw further adds. “And these colours are ones that I can see perfectly fine, but I still don’t recognize the potion.” He explains.

Bad jumps in the conversation to bring up, “Don’t you have colour corrector goggles?”

George doesn’t look at Dream when he says, “I... might have forgotten to bring it today.”

Dream lets out a dramatic gasp to mask the tiny twinge that shot through his chest. “George!” He places his hand on his heart. “You promised you’d wear them every day!” The sentence rings truer than his delivery indicates.

“I was rushing okay?” George pouts, cheeks pink. Probably from how Dream is acting. Which makes Dream forget the tiny hurt in order to try and see just how pink can George’s cheeks get.

He whines at him in an overtly sad tone. “Georgee..” He adds a few fake sniffles for the extra effect.

“Dreamm...” George whines back with an exasperated fondness.

Looking into those warm, familiar brown eyes, Dream falls just a bit deeper for this boy. Moments

similar to these were what make Dream think that maybe he has a shot. That George likes him back, maybe not to the same degree Dream does though.

More than a friend, less than a lover.

“So if I smell this, it reveals something about my personality right?”

They were so lost in their own little bubble that they didn't notice the conversation carried on without them. Bad was gone from his spot, Sapnap and Skeppy as well. Leaving Dream and George the only to still sitting.

“I forgot we were playing these.” The Slytherin looks desolately at the cards, still positioned the way they left them. Silently relieved at the fact that they forget about it.

“Well, Sapnap and Skeppy demanded our attention.” George throws him a soft grin and stands up to join the rest of their friends.

Dream huffs a laugh, silently packing up the forgotten cards, but not before flipping the card he had chosen earlier. A soft curse escapes his lips upon seeing that he would've gotten another point had they not been interrupted. Sighing at the lost opportunity, he makes a mental reminder to set a rematch soon so he can claim his prize.

But for now, the mysterious “personality” potion.

Going over to where his friends are huddled together, he slings his arms over to the two closest people to him, which happens to be Sapnap and George. He settles his left arm over Sapnap's shoulder but keeps the contact lighter for George, giving the other boy the chance to slip out if he wants to. George leans closer however, and affection washes over Dream, making heat rise to his cheeks. He squeezes George's shoulder in silent thanks.

Now focusing on their friends, Dream can hear the two perpetrators convincing – more like forcing – Bad to take a whiff of the ‘juice’. Bad vehemently denies their request, stating that he'll only do it when the others do it first.

“I'll do it.” Dream volunteers, his curiosity reaching a breaking point. He figures if no one wants to do it then he will. Normally, he's push and prod at George to do something first just to see his

reactions, but in this instance, there's no way in hell that he's going to make George sniff something that may not be a simple revealing potion, Though he's not going to tell anyone that. No way he's going to be caught being head over heels, madly in love.

"Oh," Sapnap sounds shocked, but at the same time not. "You will?"

"Yeah, why not?" Dream shrugs nonchalantly, his resolve rising from Sapnap's doubt. "It can't be that bad, right?"

Famous last words.

Sapnap gives him a weird glance, "All right, if you say so," The Gryffindor sing songs, then pops the cork of the vial open

Not only was the liquid pearlescent, so was the spiraling steam that came out in shimmering circles. Everyone is mesmerized at what they see. It's honestly a really pretty potion. Surely, it couldn't cause any serious harm, right?

So where are the butterflies in his stomach coming from? And why are they causing him to lightly choke up.

More and more questions continue to fill his mind, which would've caused him to be a bit overwhelmed if the sharp inhale from George didn't draw his attention away. Dream searches George's face and is shocked at the amount of emotions flicking through his eyes. They go through so fast that Dream couldn't keep up. Though he manages to catch some of them. Surprise, horror, embarrassment being the most prevalent.

George catches him staring, and Dream would've been embarrassed if George wasn't still reeling from whatever he found out. Too busy processing information to tease Dream.

"George, you okay?"

George nods wordlessly, keeping a wary eye on the vial.

Dream shrugs in acceptance. As much as he would like to know whatever made George react so aggressively, if the other boy doesn't want to tell him then Dream will respect his decision. Though there is a nagging part of his brain that tells him to convince George to tell him, but he shoves that the back of his head and takes in a deep breath.

And what he smells was...not what he had expected.

He thought he would end up smelling something putrid or revolting but instead he smells flowers. Lots of them.

A variety of floral scents float about, cradling him in a comforting embrace. However, the smell of the of one flower overpowers the rest. Setting suns and sprawling meadows fill up every corner of his brain until it's practically etched into it. A yellow flower, small and unsuspecting is being compared to him, accompanied by a shrieking laughter that tugs at his heartstrings like an instrument and a boy more vibrant than the spectrum of colours saturating his field of vision.

Not unlike the way the flower's seeds gets carried by the wind, the smell fades away soon enough. Being replaced by another scent.

Dream expected it to be another floral scent but was pleasantly surprised at being hit by the scent of sweets. *A similar personality hidden under layers of indifferent personas meant for the outside world. Chocolate. Parallel to the rich hue his expressive eyes possess. Akin to the hue of his hair, strands mimicking the waves of the ocean at dusk. With an undertone of an unidentifiable fruit. Golden, like his skin as he soaks up the remnants of the afternoon sunlight. Tart, peals of delectable laughter squeal over an unfunny joke, loud. Uneven. The noticeable way his whole being can encompass him, protective.*

Weird. What could have caused the potion to change scents? Dream has done nothing but sniff the steam coming out of the vial and the two tricksters are just standing there looking at him expectantly.

He was about to ask what the potion does again when a faint smell tickles his nose, creeping in slowly, silently lurking in the background. Then it drops on him when he least expects to. Soaking him, sending chills up his spine. Then the sun peaks out, chasing the cold away, leaving only the warm tiny droplets to fall to the earth.

Dream takes a deep to smell it better.

His eyes widen.

It's Petrichor.

'It's the smell after the rain.' he had said, looking mundane in his school robes, still clutching a green umbrella as he extends his arm, palm out, posture soft, to feel if the drizzle is still present.

He looks unguarded, relaxed, soft. Blue robes fluttering gently as a gust of wind passes through.

The sun shines brightly through the parted clouds.

The look George gives him easily outshines it.

Wait a minute.

It all ties back to George?!

Dream feels his face heat up at the revelation.

"Oh it's not that bad." Dream says indifferently, like he isn't internally freaking out.

"What did you smell?" Skeppy and Sapnap shot him looks of anticipation.

Dream is hesitant to share what scents came up for him. Thinking that it might be too obvious for anyone who knows him well. He has to tell them, though. Otherwise, Sapnap will keep pestering him about it until he gives in.

Dream coughs it to his fist to clear the knot in his throat. "It smells good." A general description, not giving away anything obvious.

"Can you describe it better?" Skeppy raises his eyebrows, unsatisfied. Exactly as predicted, Sapnap

begins to nudge at Dream to give him more.

“It smells soft.” Dream offers but as expected, it wasn’t enough. Sapnap gestures for Dream to continue and he takes a deep breath, mentally steeling himself and just goes.

He rambles on but he tries to keep it vague. Dream doesn’t mention which flower came up and only described it as a general flowery smell. The chocolate gets reduced to being something simply sweet and he omitted the fruit undertone all together. The only thing he retains is the after the rain scent. Petrichor. It should be the one thing he omits entirely because it’s so intrinsically tied to his memories of George but something in his gut was telling him to do it.

“Huh,” George sounds surprised and his cheeks are pink again. Oh, does he know how utterly gorgeous and pretty he looks just by standing there. Dream would swoon, full on squeal and jump around at how effortlessly pretty his best friend is if he was alone and in private, but he is not so he just blinks uselessly as George continues on.

“How does that relate to you?”

Dream shrugs, blaming the flushing of his own cheeks to the intense way George is staring at him instead of something else.

“You should try it too George,” Dream attempts to redirect the attention aimed at him elsewhere in case someone notices his current state and calls him out.

“Oh no” George turns even redder and Dream’s brain is just close to malfunctioning at this point.” I don’t think-“

“Oh come on Gogy,” Sapnap interjects “Try it.” The Gryffindor places the vial closer to George. Though it’s still far away enough for the steam to avoid hitting George.

George bites his lip as he hesitantly takes a whiff.

Dream – and everyone in their group really- nearly jumps out of their skin when George finally registered the scents he was getting and flinched back so hard that Dream’s arm fell off his shoulders, landing to the other boy’s lithe waist instead. It’s a coincidence, but Dream will take what he can get.

“George?” The Slytherin calls out to him, raising his voice slightly to get George to focus on him. “What the hell did you smell?” Dream even squeezes his waist for good measure.

That gets George’s attention, eyes flickering to Dream’s own for a second, before flitting away as he stutters out his reply. “I-I- um... It smells... pungent but not?”

He sounds so unsure. Overwhelmingly so. Like he’s trying to do the same thing as Dream did but failing. Although, it might be only Dream that noticed since the others don’t seem to be suspicious at all.

“Oh, does it smell bad?” Bad asks, his face unsure. At the same time, Skeppy snorts and says “George smells bad confirmed?”

“It doesn’t!” George corrects himself, his voice raising an octave and sounding a bit defensive. “And shut up Skeppy it doesn’t smell bad...”

“I think strong is a more appropriate term.” And there’s that distracting lip biting habit again. George’s expression flashes back and forth from sure then unsure, clearly undecided if he described it appropriately,

Despite his confusion, George continues on. “It’s a bit weird too. Like, the first scent was a woody scent, then suddenly it smells like the beach?” George squints his eyes in bewilderment. “It doesn’t make sense for me.”

“And then there’s also a toasty, nutty scent?”

Their entire group, besides Bad and George, burst into small snickers. Though George is obviously holding back his own. All of them getting the unspoken joke.

George rolls his eyes exasperatedly at them though there is mirth shining in them. Bad, meanwhile, glances around, confused and waiting for an explanation. Dream wants to crack the joke but reins himself in, knowing Bad would not appreciate him making a crude joke, however tame it is in the eyes of the rest.

Dream takes deep breaths to calm himself, the joke having lost it's hilarity to him at this point. Sapnap and Skeppy are still snickering in the background though.

"What? What are you chuckling about?" The Hufflepuff directs the question at Skeppy.

"No one tell him!" Skeppy warns them in between snorts. Even though no one wants to tell Bad anyways because they either couldn't bear breaking his innocence or couldn't bear dealing with his naivety.

"Noo..." Bad whines. "Tell meee..."

"Skeppy! Come on!" Bad clutches Skeppy's robe, shaking him back and forth in an effort to force him into telling him what's funny.

Unwinding his arm from Sapnap, Dream uses his now free arm to cover the grin growing on his face. Squinting his eyes and observing the other Ravenclaw – not his Ravenclaw, the other one -, he notices that his cheeks are aflame. It's bit harder to see due to the boy's tanned skin, but it's probably a testament to how flustered he is if Dream can see it plain as day.

The Slytherin just knows that Skeppy is having an absolute field day. Bad adorably clutching the boy's robe, whining at him and looking up at him, eyes absolutely innocent? Skeppy looks close to fainting and honestly, Dream can relate. Having experienced a similar situation with his own "best friend" just a couple of minutes ago.

Skeppy's mind is still not attached to his body when a familiar voice calls out to them in the distance.

"Hey guys! What are you all huddle up here for? And without me?"

That catches all of their attention. Looking over, they recognize the approaching figure as Karl and Sapnap's face instantly brightens up at seeing his boyfriend after not seeing him for at most, an hour or two.

"Karl!" Sapnap passes the vial to Skeppy before running up to Karl. "Sweetheart!" Dream resists the urge to jokingly gag, but when Sapnap places a kiss to the younger Hufflepuff's cheeks then pressing another chaste - thank god - one to his lips, he does so anyways. It earns him the bird from

Sapnap, still smothering his boyfriends face with kisses and ignoring Bad's scolding.

Karl giggles at Sapnap's enthusiastic greeting, "What are you guys doing?" He asks them, trapping his boyfriends face in his hands so he can speak coherently.

A flicker of jealous sparks up in Dream's chest at the cavity inducing interaction. He pushes it down. The Slytherin knows that they deserve to act like this after all the confusion and hurt they went through. He knows that it's because of their own courage to act on their feelings and actually do something that lead them to where they are today.

Dream also knows that he has to do the same thing if he wants to act similarly with a certain brunet.

But when has his insecurities ever stop weighing on his mind enough to let him confess?

"Oh!" Sapnap's face lights, noticeably getting an idea. Shaking his head out of Karl's grasp, he gently clutches the Hufflepuffs wrist and drags them to their little group. He snatches the vial he unceremoniously shoved to Skeppy.

"Can you smell this for me?" Sapnap looks imploringly at Karl, The Gryffindor places his hand on top of the vial's opening to keep Karl from accidentally inhaling the steam when he hasn't given his express permission yet.

Karl bends down to observe the liquid better, Sapnap raises it a bit to make it easier for the Hufflepuff to see.

"Is this what you were doing?" Karl asks them and they all give their affirmation.

Sapnap elaborates." Yeah! Dream and George already smelled it, Bad would've been next but I want you to go first."

"What does it do?" Karl taps the glass, just as entranced with the potion's appearance as all of them were earlier.

“A revelation potion” Skeppy answers.

Karl straightens up, eyes alight in curiosity. “That’s interesting,” He looks over to Sapnap and nods at him. “Sure!”

Sapnap steps a bit closer to Karl, taking his hand off the opening and releasing the steam. It directly hits Karl’s nose, making it twitch.

“Oh,” The younger Hufflepuff exclaims, giving another curious sniff. “it smells good!”

“Yeah?”

Karl rubs his neck in slight embarrassment, “I thought you were gonna prank me and make me smell something revolting.”

Sapnap sputters, betrayed. “I wouldn’t do that to you!”

All of them shot him varying looks, ranging from skepticism to deadpan. Karl, especially, doesn’t spare Sapnap. sporting the ghost of a smile, his eyes shimmer with fond disbelief.

Before even getting close to Skeppy. their earlier years in Hogwarts are a testament on how much Sapnap loves to prank Karl and vice versa They are still like that now, but on the less dangerous scale and ending with a kiss or a favor afterwards as an apology. Dream and George usually bear unwilling witness.

Even Skeppy, his other partner in crime, doubts his claim. the other Ravenclaw’s dart back and forth, looking like he can’t believe Sapnap said what he did with that amount of confidence and surety. He draws his head back slightly, shooting the Gryffindor an unimpressed look.

“Okay, maybe not!” Sapnap concedes, probably remembering and racing a finger in defense. “But they’re *mostly* harmless *these* days!”

“Whatever you say sweetie…” Karl kisses his cheek.

“Whatever dude. “ Skeppy looks away, rolling his eyes.

“Sure Sapnap.” George crosses his arms.

“Are you sure about that?” Bad, ever the only nice person, gives him the benefit of a doubt.

“Sure dude, we believe you” And Dream bows his head in mock acceptance.

“I hate you guys.” Sapnap cries out, although his voice states otherwise. “You never told us what you smelled by the way” He boops his finger to Karl’s nose.

“Yeah Karl, what did you smell?” George pipes in, invested to know.

Karl glances up, trying to recount the sense that washed over him.

Unlike what Dream did - and possibly George as well- Karl describes everything in full detail. leaving nothing to the imagination. the Hufflepuff says that the first scent that came up for him was woodsy, something akin to bonfire. It feels like going camping in the woods and cuddling with your loved one by the fire, tracing constellations in the night sky until you fall asleep in each other’s arms. He then mentions the following scent as a mix of spice and herbs, with a sweet, spicy scent overpowering the rest in a good way. Feeling quite similar to coming home a long exhausting day and smelling your favourite dish cooking over the stove. The last one is described in a more abstract manner. Associated more to a colour than any possible scent. It’s another woodsy smell, but this time it’s sweeter. Blending well with the second due to its spicy undertones and tying with the first for their earthiness. If the earlier one was linked to the stars and the night sky, this one feels like the morning after a good night’s rest. Waking up encased in your partner’s arms as the rising dawn streaks sunlight across your skins.

Dream is speechless, almost getting carried away by how Karl perceived his received scents. The Slytherin can feel the love behind it, the intimacy, the boy was obviously thinking of Sapnap and Dream couldn’t help but feel content that his other best friends had ended up with someone who cares for him just as much as he does them. After all the confusion they both went through, this moment just further cements that they deserve each other.

“What?” No one responds. “Why are you all so quiet? You wanted to know right? So I told you guys. Why are you all looking at me like that? It’s not like I said anything weird, did I?” Karl’s

voice progressively rises with every phrase that rambles out of his mouth. Flustered out of his mind.

Skeppy shakes his head, letting out a breathless huff. “Don’t worry there’s nothing wrong.” Catching the others’ eyes, he presses on. “We just... didn’t expect you to share that much is all...”

Sapnap lets out a short breathless laugh. “Yeah! That was- I don’t know. It was so good! Too good in my opinion.” He stutters out.

“It so good that I think everyone here-“ Sapnap gestures to the rest of them, “-felt that you know?”

Everyone nods their head earnestly,

“Aww... Thanks guys!” Karl beams at all of them, rubbing the back of his neck again. “I kinda feel like I overshared but once I started I just couldn’t stop.”

Cooing at his boyfriend, Sapnap presses his cheek to Karl’s. looping his arms around the other boy’s waist and squeezing him tight.

“no need to be embarrassed love!” Sapnap consoles, “you did great!” and then he launches into muttering sweet nothings to Karl. publicly broadcasting their affections, not only to their three – four - pining friends, but also anyone that was in their general vicinity.

Dream what's about to call them out and remind them that they are in the presence of single people and a good number of innocent eyes when Skeppy steps in and takes the vial from Sapnap’s possession.

“I believe it's Bad’s turn now.” Skeppy says, though he gets ignored by the couple and points the vial in the Hufflepuff’s general direction.

The older Ravenclaw smacks his lips. “Since everyone did it,” he acquiesces. “it's only fair that I do it too.”

“Yeahh!! Let’s go Bad!!” Dream slips his arms away from George’s waist, feeling like he’s

suddenly overstayed his welcome. He claps encouragingly at Bad to forget about the loss of warmth. His enthusiasm startles a soft laugh and a weird look out of George. Bad says his thanks and takes a deep whiff of the pearlescent steam.

Bad pulls his head back, face scrunching up in confusion. He takes another whiff, and his reaction is still the same.

“Oh?” Bad still looks confused as he sniffs the steam fervently. Dream sees him going closer to the vial’s opening, but he comes up, looking no better.

Excitedly, Skeppy asks him. “What is it? What do you smell?”

Bad looks at the Ravenclaw with doe-eyes and Dream immediately knew shit was about to go down.

“Skeppy, I don’t smell anything.”

The light airy atmosphere surrounding them gets tainted with a tense aura. The nearby chatter of the other students quietens, fading into the background. Leaving only the sound of water spouting from the fountain to fill the empty silence. Even the love birds have stopped flirting.

“What?” Skeppy’s smile is strained, and Dream could detect distress and shame in his shaky voice. Mortification slowly clouds the Ravenclaw’s usually bright eyes.

“Skeppy, I can’t smell anything!” The Hufflepuff is distressed before suddenly turning doubtful.

“This is not a prank is it?”

Skeppy shakes his head passionately, his face falling further, “It’s not!”

Dream turns his head away, knowing that if he didn’t, he would have to see Skeppy’s outwardly joyous demeanor shatter and break.

Though it is suspicious. Dream knows that the potion is not as simple as they make it out to be. That was obvious from George's reactions, but why was smelling nothing so bad? Wouldn't that just mean that the person knows themselves well? Why would Skeppy react so adversely? It just doesn't add up. It bothers Dream to no end that he can't seem to piece it together. He's lacking information to complete the puzzle and it irritates him. Like an itch he can't scratch.

"I don't think Karl can describe something that detailed if he didn't have anything to go off on." Dream argues.

"Then why can't I smell anything?" Bad pouts, peevishly wondering.

He wonders too, placing a loose fist to his lips in thought. Dream thinks of any possible reason as to why a thing could happen. but before he could get that far, he accidentally catches Bad's eye and is astounded at what he sees.

Flickering eyes, shimmering in regret, nerves and stubbornness. Lips thin and cheeks slightly puffed from clenching his teeth. Fidgeting fingers, beading sweat, face red.

Bad is trying his best to cover up the fact that he is *lying*.

But why? What for?!

A plausible theory that Dream came up with is that Bad knows the potion's true purpose. Hard not to, considering he is a senior student of potions. Meaning, The Slytherin would be right in his earlier assumptions that George is not innocent either and that all parties were, in fact, withholding information from each other.

Now it's Dream's turn to be taken aback by the revelations.

If Dream is correct – and at this point, he's sure he is, or at least close to being correct- in his observations that would mean many things: That he was right in his call to make his descriptions vague, George's dissecting stare from before might have meant more than just genuine curiosity, and Bad lying to Skeppy, with both persons knowing about the potion's true nature, might be an act of self-preservation on the former's part.

Which is weird, since the two are considered the "Dream and George" of the senior year.

Understandable since the pair's relationship share many similarities with Dream and George's. They're always seen together, always a pair, never apart. You will never find one without the other, and if you do, stay away from either, because that meant a fierce argument has broken out and anyone caught in the middle will not be spared from their tirade.

They also know each other's habits, ticks and movement so well, they could basically read them like an open book. Just as Dream knows George actually like being coddled and cared for despite his typical cat like behaviour of hating any form of affection, the same thing goes for Bad instinctively knowing when to indulge Skeppy in his demands and knowing when to back down and put younger boy in his place.

They always tell each other their deepest, darkest secrets. Knowing that there will be no judgement held between them if it is revealed. George knows about Dream's fear of fire and his reasoning for it. Likewise, Bad has told Skeppy about his not so friendly past and how he can cast his spells so accurately – it involves having to learn just the right angle and force to make sure that once a knife hits a target, it's an instant lights out- that Dream accidentally found out due to the older ranting to him when he had one to many Firewhiskey.

They're always ready to spill their secrets, no holds barred.

Except for one.

And if he looks at it from the lens of a pining person whose best friend suddenly lied to them after always telling the truth for so long, Skeppy's reaction is starting to make a bit more sense.

Speaking of the other Ravenclaw...

Bad softly calls out to him, reaching out to ask him what's wrong.

The other boy flinches back, seemingly out of instinct. It shocks everyone besides Dream, who only squints his eyes. Recognizing a spiraling mental state when he sees one.

Once his mind finally catches up with his body, Skeppy looks alarmed, looking close to bursting into tears.

“I’m sorry” The Ravenclaw isn’t even trying to cover up his dismay. “I have to go...” He turns on his heel, shoves the vial to Sapnap and sprints away, far from them.

They all call out to him in worry, but the boy didn’t stop to listen to them, and he eventually disappears from their sights.

Understandably concerned, Bad fidgets in his face, looking like he wants to chase after his best friend, but Dream stops him, shaking his head. He might not be the closest to Skeppy, but he feels like the boy would appreciate not seeing the person who triggered his stress even if said person was their closest confidant.

“I’ll go check on him.” Sapnap announces, closing the vial he now owns and gestures for Karl to follow him.

They didn’t get that far when Bad calls out to them. Cupping his hand so they can hear him better.

“If I did something wrong, please tell Skeppy I’m sorry and that’ll I’ll make it up to him.”

The Gryffindor gives him thumbs up, showing he heard his request. Karl nods even though he’s far away. Sapnap grabs Karl’s wrist as they run together side by side. Picking up their pace to, hopefully, catch up with the other boy.

“I hope I didn’t do anything wrong.” Now it’s Bad who looks like he’s on the verge of crying, his voice is small, and his fidgeting fingers become more evident.

Dream steps forward and grabs Bad’s shoulders in support, bending down slightly to make the Hufflepuff focus on him. He doesn’t like that Bad had to lie to *Skeppy* of all people, but he knows that the older boy wouldn’t do it without having a damn good reason to.

“I’m sure you didn’t mean to if you did.” Dream gives Bad a meaningful look.

“You’re not join going after them?” George asks, situating himself beside Dream.

Bad snuffles and moves his eyes to George. “I think...” He slowly blinks, looking down. “I don’t

think Skeppy would want to see me right now.” The older boy’s voice was barely above a whisper.

The lack of loud people makes it more apparent to Dream’s ears that the courtyard now holds more people than before. A wave of students popped up in his peripheral vision and he hurriedly wipes Bad’s eyes clear of any possible tears and straightens up to avoid any gossips to be formed behind their backs.

It seems like the teacher that had occupied Dream and George’s next class had finally decided to take pity on their students, releasing them to experience the outside world once again after an hour of overtime – thank god for flexible sixth year schedules.

“Fuck, I forgot we still had classes. I thought it was the last period earlier.” Dream mutters, not realizing he swore in front of Bad.

“Language...” It’s absolutely heartbreaking to see Bad mutter his iconic line so half-heartedly, though it is understandable. “I forgot that I had to study for our NEWTs too.”

“I was supposed to study with Skeppy.” The waterworks start again.

George looks at Bad with pity. “Will you guys be okay?”

Bad nods his assent, squeezing his eyes shut in an effort to not let his tear spill over. He weakly waves his goodbye to the pair and shuffles off in the opposite direction.

Dream and George call out their goodbyes and well wishes before heading to their previous spot on the fountain. Dream picks up both of their bags from the ground and hands George his as he transfigures the chair Bad had used back into his quill, hurriedly but delicately stuffing it into his bag.

George waits for him by the covered walkway, Dream runs over to him and together, they walk with their hands brushing against each other, hidden by their robes as they walk silently over to their next class.

It isn’t until later in the year that Dream, Sapnap and Karl find out that what they all smelled that day was the Amortentia potion and they all proceed to berate Sapnap for not knowing despite helping Skeppy with the whole thing.

Bad is walking the corridors, empty now since class has started again for the other years. Looking around to make sure that there are no bystanders that could judge, he promptly collapses in the middle of the hallway, burying his face in his hands and letting out a scream of frustration.

That was so close.

It had been so hard to lie to everyone about not smelling anything. So hard to keep a straight face, especially in front of the person who knows him the most. Who knows him like the back of his hand.

The person that he may have inadvertently hurt by lying.

Though it was necessary.

Or else he would've been found out before he was ready.

He shivers from his place at the floor and moves his hands from his face to his arms to ward off the building anxiety and tears once again. He'd make it up to Skeppy somehow. Maybe he'll bake the other boy some muffins as an apology or do whatever he says for a day. He'd do anything so long as Skeppy forgives him.

Skeppy may have fooled their friends in the younger years but he can't fool Bad. Not this time at least. He knows what Skeppy had was an Amortentia potion. It was so obvious just from the way the liquid looked in the vial, not to mention the telltale spiral steam unique to that potion alone.

He remembers the scent that came off of it and how it was such a test to his mental capacity to not viscerally react.

The first scent confused him, because he has no memory of ever associating the person he likes with freshly baked bread. Maybe it's a mistake? But he remembers the scuffle the two had gotten into when they were supposed to be baking for their group of friends as a celebration of sorts. Bad had forgotten what they were celebrating about, but he clearly remembers making batter. More memories of that day flood in after that. The warm afternoon, the cheery laughs, the toasty kitchen,

and everything started to make sense.

Next came the smell of blueberries. This one wasn't as hard to find out. It was the name Bad had given the other person's messenger owl. A spur of the moment decision in his part.

What almost broke his sanity was the last scent. Baby powder. Something Bad wouldn't even know existed if it wasn't for the fact that someone always had one in his bag.

When they were in their younger years, Bad had asked what the powder's purpose was for. They had replied that it was something that his mom would always put on him as a child and bringing one to Hogwarts helped with his homesickness.

Bad had always believed home was whatever brings you the most comfort. Smelling all of those together reminded him of his home. Not the house he would stay over during the holidays and vacations nor the dormitories that served as his place of residence whenever he was at Hogwarts. No, it reminds him of *his* home.

Dark hair that resembled the night sky, perfectly contrasting with his bright, sunny personality. Loud and boisterous but sensitive and shy on occasions. Mischievous but genuine. Contrasting, yet complimenting.

Just the way Bad likes it.

Likes him.

His little muffinhead.

His Skeppy.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY, SO UHHH..

I didn't mean for it to turn so angsty at the end but it just felt like going that way.

Anyways, if my description of the scents are hella vague I'm listing them down here so it's easier to decipher.

Scents:

Dream: Sandalwood, Roasted Chestnuts, Sea (sea salt) - Mentioned

George: Dandelions, Chocolate Raisins, Rain (Petrichor) - Mentioned

Bad: Strawberries, Muffins, Cinammon Sugar - Unmentioned

Skeppy: Blueberries, Bread, Baby Powder - Mentioned

Sapnap: Campfire (Apple wood), Anise, Amber - Mentioned

Karl: Pinecone, Mint, Forest Air - Unmentioned

Description of some of the scents are here: https://ixorabb.com/Scent-List_ep_48.html

If you don't agree with the scents that's totally fine. These are just what I think suited each character.

if you wanna find out my reasoning for choosing any particular scent for any character just comment down below.

Also, i am now warning in advance that i also hold the rights for the next chapter and that might be delayed as well (though i am like 2/5 of the way done, so it shouldn't take that long)

That's all for now! See you guys this upcoming Friday! (hopefully)

Hearts Have Never Been This Close

Chapter by [Serene Serendipity](#)

Chapter Summary

In which George gets the love and care he deserves, and siblings- figurative and not- are a menace to deal with.

Chapter Notes

HAI!!! so... I know I promised that this chapter would be posted by Friday last, LAST week but school is a bitch and so are words. BUT IT'S HERE NOW!!! To those that have patiently waited, I thank you all sincerely. You legit gave me motivation to work on this faster and as a result...

Enjoy your 14k words of Dnf Fluff!!!

cw/// super mild implied sexual thoughts. Like legit a sentence and a half?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Winter is slowly creeping up on them. The waters around Hogwarts starting to freeze over at the edges. wind blowing against their faces gaining a fiercer bite as the world steadily whites over.

Surprisingly, a lot of students are still seen out and about on the grounds. Perhaps savouring the small window of time they have to enjoy the cold before it drops to an uncomfortable, near freezing temperature. Although, as days pass by, more and more students are preferring to stay inside the castle walls where the heating charms are stronger.

They all seem to move slower though. Taking in the beauty of the world outside before it all becomes covered in white or dreading to part from the warmth provided by the roaring fires of the common rooms and warming spells etched into the walls.

Dream loves the winter. Having grown up in a place where the sun was always shining, any small reprieve from the scorching heat was welcome. Which was one of the reasons why he was so excited to transfer to Hogwarts in the first place.

Studying in the place where some of the most influential wizards and witches in the magical community graduated, where the curriculum suited his needs better and where it was colder all

year round? Transferring to Hogwarts had been a no brainer. He has had a lot of time to assimilate to his new surroundings and adjust to the new culture. It got to a where he wasn't even surprised anymore when he learns something weird about the magical side- and muggle side- of Britain. But the one thing he never really got used to slowly seeing the whole world freeze over and settle in a quiet.

Dream loves winter.

But not when it causes one of his friends to fall sick.

George has always been slow in the winter despite growing up in the north. Always waddling about, the cold air still slowing him down despite his layers upon layers of clothes. But he seems to be faltering more than usual. Dragging his feet, bundling up with so much layers Dream can barely see his eyes from all the clothes he was wearing. His normally pale rosy complexion is absent, replaced by a sickly green hue. He's also bumped into a lot of walls, students and even their professors.

Additionally, George is not active in class. Sure, he slacks off from time to time but he only does so when he already knows what's being discussed in class. On a normal day, Dream can always see him taking notes and answering the questions given by the professors whenever he can.

This time, however, he doesn't even try to hide the fact that he's not paying attention in class. Thankfully, Dream and George share most of their classes because of the similar subject requirements of their future jobs. Allowing Dream to closely observe his friend's condition.

Dream had asked George multiple times throughout the day if he was actually fine. The other boy just waved him off and told him not to worry about it. However, it seems like he wasn't the only one who noticed George wasn't exactly in top shape. Techno also noticed that George was off. He had approached George when they were transferring classes. Techno tapped his shoulder and George flinched away at the contact. His eyes widen in distress, though they remain hazy. Like he doesn't fully realize what's going on.

That should have been Dream's sign to intervene. While George didn't like being touched in general, by people he's not close with especially, he's not that obvious about it. He would just normally smile at them and try to subtly get away from their touch.

Dream had asked him once again and got the same response so Dream took his word for it. George did actually look somewhat fine then. His cheeks were flushed but Dream had assumed that it was from the cold, and although his voice was quieter than usual, Dream just thought that it was just one of George's "quiet day", where he doesn't interact with people that much and kept to himself more.

Dream should have listened to his instincts. As the day went on, George got progressively worse. He had developed a cold. His bright, brown eyes glazing over even further. He spaced out more and responded to everyone less.

Safe to say, Dream was worried.

Extremely worried.

He was unable to hide his concern any longer by the time seventh period ends. Dream decides to confront George while they were walking to their last class of the day.

Dream pulls George aside so that they don't get hit by the wave of students going to their next class. The fact that George barely reacts to being dragged is tell enough for Dream to know that George is not as okay as he says he is.

"George, are you okay?" Dream says softly, bending down slightly to catch George's eyes. They are glassy, caught in a daze. Even Dream snapping his fingers in front of the Ravenclaw's face wasn't enough to shake him out of his stupor.

"George." Dream tries saying his name louder. He also squeezes George's hand, looking to see if he will respond to the motion.

"Hm?" George finally reacts, blinking his eyes slowly at Dream. His voice sounds weak, soft, like he didn't have the energy to say talk, let alone pay attention.

"I asked if you were okay."

"I'm fine, Dream. I've told you." George insists.

The more Dream looks at George the more he confirms to himself that he's not actually fine. For one, George's weak tone gives more way for the lie to seep out of his voice. Normally, it would not be as obvious - George is actually a decent liar -, but it says a lot about his current state of mind if he can't even try to hide it.

“That's bullshit and you know it.” Dream's voice is firm but soft. He can't truly get mad at George when he looks like this.

He hears someone in the hallway screaming “language!” at them. Dream ignores it. George's well-being is his number one priority right now. He let's go of George's hand, breaking eye contact to stand in front of him. Clutching George's shoulders, he looks at the other boy in complete seriousness.

“Seriously, what is going on?” Dream stares at George intensely. He hopes the other boy will tell him what's wrong so that Dream can do something about it.

“I swear Dream, I'm fine.” George turns his head away. Dismissing his concern with a wave of his hand, knocking Dream's hands off the Ravenclaw's shoulders. “It's probably just a cold, Dream. I'm fine I swear.” He sighs out.

Sleep deprived is taking it lightly, George looks like he's been run over by a carriage and dragged seven ways through Sunday. His eyes look bloodshot, dark circles prominent underneath. He's shivering visibly. Dream doesn't know if it's from the cold or a last-ditch effort of George's body to keep him awake.

Dream places the back of his hand against George's forehead. Surprised - and not- by the warmth present there.

“George” Dream says with rising alarm “I think you're starting to form a fever.” He hastily transfers his hand to his neck, finding similar results.

George swats his hand away, “It's probably just a cold Dream, I'm fine, I swear.” He trudges pass Dream, clearly not wanting to continue with this conversation.

Try as he might, Dream can't help the irritation bubbling up inside him. He knows George is the type of person to not outwardly say that he needs something unless it's in jest. But just because he doesn't say something, doesn't mean Dream can't see he needs something.

Having enough of George's moodiness, he runs up to catch him, grabbing his bicep firmly and drags him through the crowd of students making their way back and forth towards their classes. To where, Dream has no idea, but he knows he has to get George out of the busy hallways and into a

place where he can be taken care of.

Shockingly, George does not protest, although he does sniffle. Dream has a suspicion that his condition is worse than what his demeanor shows. So, he silently follows Dream, robes billowing behind them as the Slytherin leads them on.

As they are walking about, Dream thinks about where to bring George. The hospital wing is an obvious choice, but Dream knows that George hates staying there for a long time. From the way his sickness is progressing, it could take at least a handful of days for the fever to recede. He would need two days of complete rest at the very least and Dream just knows George would absolutely hate it if he had to stay at the hospital wing for that whole time.

So taking care of George by himself was the best option Dream has. He's taken care of sick siblings and friends - even himself a couple of times— so many times that he's basically an expert at it. He occasionally jokes he could actually take up an apprenticeship at St. Mungo's from the amount of knowledge he has gained from taking care of sick people.

However, he's never taken care of George.

That task usually falls to Wilbur. Being that they're in the same house and Wilbur has basically adopted George as his younger brother despite the other boy's objections.

When George is sick, Wilbur only ever updates Dream of his condition once Wilbur has had enough of Dream cornering him in the middle of hallways, calling him out of classes, and being a general menace just to get some information. At one point, Dream even excuses the older boy from his class just to ask how George is doing.

The most Dream gets for all the trouble he's gone through is a look of annoyance, and a promise that George will be back soon and that he's being taken care of properly. Dream has never liked how vague Wilbur details George's condition, but he has to trust his word on it or else, Wilbur may physically threaten Dream to back off and block him from ever seeing George again – it's not like it's the first time Dream has heard this.

So suffice it to say, he has no clue on what gets George to recover faster or if there are any unfamiliar behaviors that may show up during his moment of delirium.

Thanks Wilbur. Dream begrudges.

Dream stops walking when a tug prevents him from doing so. He looks over his shoulder. George is gripping his hand loosely, swaying dangerously from side to side, eyes fully glazed over. If Dream thought George's complexion was bad earlier in the dim, crowded hallway, it looks worse under the harsh light filtering through the window.

He looks like ghost, skin ashen and tinged green. Even the Hogwarts' ghost don't look this bad. The dark bags under his eyes look sunken in the bright light, and his breathing is slower, shallower but he takes deeper and deeper breaths.

Just as Dream was about to ask if George was still doing okay, The Ravenclaw's eyes flutter strangely and roll back into his sockets, the hold in his hand loosening, his body is falling back to the floor. Thinking quickly, Dream clutches George's hand tighter and pulls him toward his chest instead. He hauls George into his arms. Looping one under George's legs and another across his shoulder. George's head lolls over Dream's shoulder. It looks uncomfortable, so Dream nudges George's head so it rests against his chest instead.

It's a bit of a challenge, carrying two bags full of books and a living person was not easy but he manages. Walking quicker, he finally reaches an empty hallway on the seventh floor of the castle. He winces in hindsight. It's no wonder that George fainted. Making a sick person climb seven grueling flights of stairs from the ground floor upwards, all the while not said person has not had a wink of proper sleep for God knows how long is a definite way to exhaust them to the point of collapse.

Dream feels anger at himself for overlooking such an obvious mistake. He was supposed to *take care* of George, not make his condition worse. God, what kind of best friend was he if couldn't even take care of him properly. If he's just going to make George's sickness worse, might as well just bring him to the hospital wing. He would rather deal with George's loud, but healthy shouts of outrage instead of suffering through the weekend not knowing if he's actually taking care of George correctly.

Gritting his teeth because of his incompetence, he ultimately decides to just go with it. Dream's already here anyways, George's effort will just be wasted if he decides to bring him back *down* to the hospital wing. He paces in front of a blank wall back and forth. His speedy walking turning into a light jog by the time he spots a Mahogany door appear in the once blank wall.

Deciding not to waste any more time, Dream hurriedly ushers the sick boy into the room, closing the door behind them using his foot and locking it with a whisper of a spell.

A quick once over the room tells him that it has almost everything he'll need to take care of George. He carries George over to the bed in the far center, slowly settling him on the queen size mattress and dumping their bags to the floor. George, too disoriented to question what's happening, simply snuggles up into the soft warm sheets. Soaking up every inch of heat he can have.

Dream removes George's shoes first and places it underneath the bed, making sure no one trips on them. He then sits beside the feverish boy, one leg on the bed and reluctantly sits him up despite the other boy's pitiful whines about being cold. Dream softly coos at him in apology, letting him rest against his own chest so George can soak up his warmth instead. George seems grateful. Nuzzling Dream's neck, placing his arms loosely around Dream's waist. George sighs in relief and rests his head on Dream's shoulder.

Dream sucks in a soft breath, his heart is close to bursting at the seams. George is acting so endearing right now and it's making him dizzy. He knows the only reason why George is being this clingy is because he's sick, but Dream can't help the swell of emotion that overcomes him. George is rarely this affectionate around other people. Even hesitating to display his fondness for Dream sometimes, despite being considered his closest friend, though Dream has never minded. He knows George prefers to keep his own space. Dream and the others respect that. So, it's touching when George builds up the confidence to hug one of them or wiggles his hands to let the others know he's fine with his hand being held.

An uncomfortable snuffle underneath him reminds Dream that he hasn't done what he was supposed to do.

Dream hastily removes the layers George was wearing. Since they'll do more harm in a room as warm as this. He slips the scarf off his neck, but it gets stuck in the straps of the goggles, so he spends time trying to untangle the two, not noticing he's jostling George. Dream softly clarifies what he's doing to George when the older complains about being moved unceremoniously, pressing his face in the other boy's hair in a silent apology. George settles back in the crook of his neck, content with the explanation.

Once the two items have been separated, Dream places them on the nightstand. Dream then moves on to George's robes, moving his arms this way and that to maneuver the coat off the boy without shaking him awake from his light sleep. When he removes it, Dream notices it's covered in a thin layer of sweat. Patting George's back reveals similar results.

That's not good. He needs to get George out of those clothes as soon as possible or he's only going to get worse.

Dream moves George from his spot at his neck to settle George on one of the posts. The movement appears to have awoken the other boy, but a quick brush of his hair and reassurances that Dream would be nearby sends him back to sleep quickly. After checking that George's breath has evened out, Dream gets up, searching the closet for spare clothes he can use to replace George's sweat soaked uniform.

He finds some pajamas inside, though they appear to be a size too big for George. Digging deeper, he finds a few small towels, some bath towels and more sleep wear. Mysteriously, none of them are George's size. All of them are a perfect fit to Dream though, as he found out from holding it against his own body.

Huh.

I mean, these are the clothes provided by the room and I can't possibly leave George to sleep in those sweaty clothes nor leave the room to get clothes from the common rooms so late into the night so...

Looking up to the ceiling, Dream sends a silent thank you to whatever magic was present within the room for allowing this to happen.

Getting back to the task at hand, he dumps the items he's found so far on the bed and looks for the other things he needs. He quickly spots an empty fruit bowl on the table. Dream enters another door that may be the bathroom. Upon proving to be correct, he proceeds to fill up the bowl with water from the sink. He carries the half-full bowl to the nightstand closer to George. Casting a cooling charm to the water so he can use it to bring George's temperature down. He 'accios' one of the smaller towels to him and lets it soak the coolness of the water.

Dream sits on the bed once again, using George's current position to remove what he can. His gloves and socks go first. The younger placing both items on the nightstand. Then he moves on to the other's robes, sweater and vest. Getting rid of them one by one and discarding them to the floor.

When he gets to George's shirt, Dream hesitates. He feels guilty about removing it without George's knowledge. So even though he feels like crap for waking his peacefully sleeping friend up, he knows it was necessary action.

Tapping George lightly on his shoulder causes him to rouse. He blinks at Dream blearily, eyes foggy, but he seems coherent enough to answer some questions.

“George, I’m going to remove your uniform okay? I know you want to keep yourself warm, but it’s necessary I remove your uniform, or you’ll get worse.” Dream says factually.

“Can I?”

George continues to stare at him, likely comprehending what he just said. Eventually, he gives a small but firm nod. Dream nods back, thanking him. George blinks at him slowly and promptly goes back to sleeping.

Dream gets to work. He slips the blue and silver tie over his head before methodically unbuttoning the damp uniform. Once removed, he deposits it with the rest of the damp clothing on the floor. Dream makes a mental note to cast cleaning charms on them later and to hang them near the fire for the clothing to effectively dry out.

Now that his upper clothing has been removed, George shudders at the sudden change of temperature, the sweat on his back quickly drying out. Dream snatches one of the bath towels on the bed and wrap it around George temporarily as he stands to grab the adequately soaked towel inside the bowl.

He squeezes it tight to drain the water, leaving only a bit so that he can use it wipe George’s body down. Dream shakes George awake again to prepare him for the jarring temperature change, the older just hums sleepily, not coming back to full consciousness.

Dream parts the towel slightly and taps the damp towel around first to get George’s body used to the coolness. The Ravenclaw whines in discomfort, sniffing as tries to get away from the offending thing touching him.

The Slytherin shushes him softly, before showering him in praises that settle the other boy down.

Normally, when one gets the opportunity to undress the person they’ve been admiring for literal years, it would be in differences circumstances and charged with sexual energy. None of that feeling is present as Dream painstakingly wipes down George’s body clean of sweat, making sure to get every area of his body. Instead, he’s filled with so much need to care for the boy he’s grown to love so much, that it produces a physical ache in his chest. Spreading from his heart and setting ever one of his nerves alight.

He continues to meticulously wipe George down, pausing every now and then to ask the other boy if he's still okay.

George sleepily hums his replies, probably used to the cold towel carefully moving across his body by now. His eyes may be closed but Dream can see him trying his best to cooperate with him, shifting his limbs here and there though Dream still has to guide them on where to go.

Once he's satisfied that George is sufficiently rid of sweat, Dream slip him in the clean clothes he has laid out.

But he has to stop midway through buttoning up the top because he cannot contain himself anymore.

George just looked... *so precious*.

Head lolled to his shoulder, pale lips apart as he takes shallow breaths. Long lashes resting gently against his cheeks, casting shadows against his pallid skin. His messy brown hair strands looked brighter in the flickering fire, sticking every which way. As expected, the pajama top hangs loose on his lithe frame, exposing his collarbones as the sleeves swallow his dainty hands. The hem of the top bunches against his legs. Making Dream remember that he still has to change George's pants into the matching pajama bottom.

His face flushes in embarrassment before he takes a deep breath to calm himself down. This is not the time to form any suggestive thoughts. George's well-being is his number one priority. Dream raises George's hips to shimmy his pants off his lean legs, tossing it to the floor before quickly grabbing the pajama bottom and shimmying it on.

Finally done with his task, he settles his leg on the bed with a gentle pat and settling his hand there. He gently caresses the cotton, thumbing and creasing it. Dream pushes his hair back, huffing out and turns to look lovingly at George. George, who's peacefully sleeping against the firelight, eyes flickering behind his eyelids in a dream. George, who's kind, humble and smart. George, whose current position must not be that comfortable if the deepening furrow between his eyebrows was anything to go by.

Pulling back the blanket, he drags George towards his chest, scooping him up and settling him properly on the bed. the Slytherin tucks him in, combing his hair back.

He mentally berates himself more for his earlier mistake as he stands up to pick up the discarded clothing on the floor. Casting a '*scourgify*' to the clothing, Dream walks over to the fireplace and places them on the floor to dry. Straightening them and making sure they're far away enough from the fire.

Dream whips his head when he hears a small whimper come from underneath the mound of blankets. Worried that George was in pain, Dream immediately rushes back to his side.

What he sees isn't as bad as he thought. George is sleeping fitfully, but he doesn't seem to be in any sort of pain, just mild discomfort. His eyebrows are drawn together while making small snuffles. He's still shivering, curling up into a ball to conserve heat, and that's despite being underneath a blanket that looks thick enough to be a pillow. Dream casts multiple heating charms in hopes that it will alleviate George's discomfort.

It somewhat works. A few minutes later, George's unconscious body seems to have registered the warmer temperature and stops squirming around, settling on the bed with a deep sigh.

The furrow of his eyebrows didn't go away though.

Is he still cold? Surely not right?

Dream glances around, checking if there's anything else that would cause George discomfort. He crosses off things from a mental checklist; He has been cleaned up, his clothes had been changed, his bed is comfortable and he's all warm and toasty.

So what else could he possibly need?

"Dream..."

"George?" Dream draws closer to George's side, craning his head to hear him better.

"Dream..." His voice is barely a touch above a whisper, lidded with sleep. His eyes are closed, but his breath is unsteady, shallow and fast. George keeps on calling out to him, each time he does, the distress in his voice rises and his face scrunches up in anxiety.

He's having a nightmare.

Trying to shake George awake proves to be futile. He's already a deep sleeper normally, and in his sickness, it's even worse. It's almost impossible to wake him up, no matter what Dream does. And he's tried almost everything: shaking, pinching, slapping, -lightly he might add, he would never harm a vulnerable person much less a vulnerable George- nothing seems to work.

With no other solution in mind, Dream decides to bet his chances on something completely random. He removes his uniform robe, the billowing one with the Slytherin logo, and drapes it on George's prone form. Based on the previous times the Ravenclaw has worn his robes, – and any other article of Dream's clothing for that matter- it seems to provide George a sense of comfort and security. Calming him down enough to clear his mind.

Unexpectedly, his observation proves to be true. Once the weight has settled down on George, his whimpers quieten down, ending with a sigh of content. He shuffles in his sleep to draw the robe closer to his body, nuzzling the fabric as his breathing slows down and evens out again.

Despite already having a hunch that the possibility of George finding comfort in Dream's belongings was true, he is still taken aback by the sheer *emotion* that takes over his heart at finding out that it was, indeed, a fact. He knows that George is sick and doesn't have control over what his body decides to do in his sleep. But that makes it all the sweeter to Dream. To know that, even when he's unconscious, Dream's mere presence is enough to bring George back from his escalating nightmare.

Crisis averted; he grabs the chilled towel from the bowl, squeezing the water out and placing it on George's forehead to help with his fever. He settles down on the floor after, making himself comfortable by toeing off his shoes and socks, stuffing the latter inside the former before placing them beside George's shoes. With everything that George would need or want within their reach, there's nothing else to do occupy himself. So, he decides to stare up at George and lets his mind wander.

How could someone be sick but still look so pretty in Dream's eyes. Dream gets an unshakeable urge to run his fingers through the other boy's hair, wanting to feel the softness of the brunette strands between his fingers. But before he could give in to the urge, George fidgets once more, snapping him out of reverie. This time, only his hands seem to be moving, tapping around underneath the blankets as if he was searching for something.

The increasing frequency of his taps slowly rouses George from his sleep again, breath accumulating a steady rhythm as glassy eyes try to flutter open. Not wanting to awaken George after he has finally settled down, Dream clasps his own hand with George's nearest one to halt his movements. Patting it firmly with his other while he kneels up to whisper soft reassurance to his

ear.

That gets George to relax again, and Dream hopes that it's the last time. He doesn't risk slipping his fingers out of George's grasp. It might cause him to wake up again and that is exactly what Dream is trying to avoid. George should be recovering his lost sleep without waking up at random intervals, knowing from his own experience that it could cause some pretty painful headaches.

Dream caresses the back of George's hand, to both comfort the sleeping boy and just because Dream feels like doing so. This is also one of the rare moments where he can freely show his affection to George without being lightheartedly rejected or mercilessly teased for it. He presses a lingering kiss to George's palm, whispering wishes for his speedy recovery onto the smooth skin.

With everything finally settling down, Dream is left to process today's events. He settles his weary head on the mattress, looking up at George as he shuffles through the alternative decisions he could have made that would have produced a more preferable outcome.

Maybe if he had confronted George earlier, when his condition wasn't as bad, then maybe he wouldn't have collapsed. Or maybe, if he had decided to just risk George's temper and brought him to Madame Pomferey straight away, she could've had George walking around all healthy and happy by now.

He sighs quietly, all this thinking made Dream drowsy, his eyes struggling to stay open while his mind overwhelms him with his less than ideal memories of earlier happenings. It all muddles together in a blur as he succumbs to the call of sleep. The last thought leaving his mind being, when he next opens his eyes, Dream hopes it's to the sight of George awake and smiling down at him.

Warmth surrounds him. Prickling but comforting at the same time.

Sweat sticks to his back. The feeling of it against his skin making him fidget uncomfortably on the sheets.

He feels like he's underwater. Everything is muffled, muted, different, as he tries to swim to full consciousness. Still groggy and achy all over, but definitely in a better condition than he was previously. He still feels like he's being weighed down by stones, however. The incessant

pounding, that he has had in his head since morning, has been reduced to a dull ache by the time George fully awakens and drowsily open his eyes.

Staring at a strange ceiling, surrounded by foreign smells and unfamiliar sounds is not a pleasant experience to wake up to. Especially if one didn't know how they got there. And if they've just awoken from a nap they don't remember taking.

Eyebrows furrowing in confusion and increasing alarm, he unwisely swivels his head around to take in his new environment. Something slides off his forehead and he immediately regrets his previous action when a sharp twinge of pain shoots through his temples. His vision swims with colour – or as much colour as he can see, bright spots dancing in front of him insultingly.

George lets out a soft groan of discomfort, squeezing his eyes shut to try and ride through the throbbing agony.

A mumble of incoherent words sounds from his left makes George aware of a presence beside him.

Past mistake learned; he slowly turns his head. Letting out a soft gasp at the sight of his best friend sitting on the floor with only his head in clear view, knocked out and snoring softly.

Dream is here.

Forcing himself to sit up is a terrible idea but looking around at the position he's in is even worse. So, he steels himself for the pain he's about to inflict on himself and drags his body upwards. As expected, the rush of blood sends his vision spiraling. Gritting his teeth through the pain, he's careful to not make too much noise or else he might risk waking Dream. He does well to sit himself up without much fuss, but because his body is heavy with sickness, George only manages to lean himself against the headboard.

Not ideal, but it would have to do.

Slowly looking around, he scans the room to see if he can make sense of where they could be.

It's sizeable, not too big nor too small, perfect for two inhabitants. The ceiling is high, and George would've thought they were in his dorms if it weren't for the lack of blue and bronze silks draped across the star-speckled, domed ceiling. As well as the other four beds that would usually occupy

the room. The palette of the room may be similar to his dorms, but he has not seen this room at any point in his life. Nor does he know how he managed to get here. The last thing he vaguely remembers was walking in the middle of a long, sun-lit, hallway.

The only logical explanation would be Dream.

Turning his head to look at his sleeping companion, George briefly wonders how Dream brought him here before getting distracted by the firelight dancing across Dream's skin. Casting warm shadows that highlight his cheeks and emphasizing his sun-kissed skin.

How can a single person be so pretty? He doesn't know.

George notices Dream's hair falling over his closed eyelids, twitching minutely from the irritation. They cast delicate shadows over his sleeping face, highlighting the bridge of his nose and the rosiness of his cheeks. Subconsciously, George reaches out. His normal indifference to showing affection thrown out of the window. He tries to sweep the fallen strands off Dream's face, only to be held back by a larger set of hands encasing his own.

Oh... George didn't even notice Dream was holding his hand.

They're so warm.

The Ravenclaw lays sideways to hold Dream's hands easier, placing his other on top. He lovingly caresses the back of his palm, all the while thinking about what this moment could imply. Assuming that it was Dream that brought him to this strange, albeit cozy, room, that would mean many different things.

Things like: if the last memory George had was walking in a random hallway in Hogwarts, and he somehow woke up in an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar room, would that mean Dream may have possibly levitated him here? Alternatively, could Dream have carried him in his arms instead? Not only that, but if Dream fell asleep with George's hand in his, could George's mere presence give Dream enough reassurance to send him into a peaceful sleep?

There's too many possibilities circulating his mind that it's starting to aggravate the dull pounding in his head.

While absentmindedly playing with Dream's hand, George happened to notice that the colour of his cuffs looked slightly different – and that he's also wearing his robes but that's beside the point. Instead of the normal, starched white he would see every day on every single student in Hogwarts, it's now a soft, washed out blue. Stopping with his ministrations and drawing back the blankets shows that it's not only his cuffs, but also entire outfit that's different. Gone is his whole uniform, replaced with light blue, cotton pajamas.

George would have liked to not delve deeper into the hows and the whys and just remain blissfully unaware, but the voice in his mind won't stop screaming the fact that it was Dream, *and only Dream*, who can do this.

The confusing rush of embarrassment and appreciation made his whole body heat up, making goosebumps appear on skin and causing his fingers to tingle where they stay encased in Dream's hold. How embarrassing is it to let the person you admire see you in such a vulnerable state and basically take care of you, even when you're capable enough, because you were too out of it to do or remember how to function properly.

On the other hand, Dream's complete attention to his habits, as well as his dedication to making sure the people he cares for are happy and healthy just- George cannot even begin to describe just how overwhelmingly cared for he feels right now.

Dream remembered that he hated spending long durations of time in the hospital wing and brought them somewhere else. Foreign, sure, but George knows Dream would never bring him to place that could intentionally cause him harm. He also remembered that George hates falling asleep in clothing he's worn outside, a fact he's only mentioned off-handedly, and took the time to change him. Painstakingly so for Dream probably, seeing as George was dead to the world.

George's heart fills with so much love that he doesn't know if he can contain it any longer. With his fever riddled brain, slower processing abilities and the affection overwhelming his common sense, he's in danger of *actually* confessing. Feeling like he could risk it all, damning the consequences, just for this blonde haired, green eyed, freckled face boy and his stupidly observant, stupidly considerate, stupidly caring nature.

Stupid Dream and his stupid ability to make George fall in love with him over and over again.

With his feelings overflowing out of his heart and out onto his body, he slowly reaches out for Dream. Sweeping the wayward strands aside to better see the face of the boy who has caused him so much misery for falling in love with his best friend yet filling him with so much joy for the exact same reason. His hand drift to his exposed cheek and settles there, thumbing at the plump flesh with the utmost care.

The unexpected contact must have woken up Dream. His eyes blinking open moments later and making George stop all his ministrations. He lets out a big yawn, disentangling one of his hands from George to sleepily scratch at his head. Noticing that George's hand still lies frozen on his cheek, Dream leans in further. Chasing the touch, nuzzling his palm affectionately. George would've recoiled from being shown such blatant display of affection if he wasn't stunned at seeing Dream this docile. Smiling at him in that stupidly disarming way of his.

"Hey George," And isn't that a voice George would love to wake up to every single morning? All rumbling softness, not unlike distant thunder rolling in stormy skies. "How are you feeling?"

George coincidentally sneezes, sniveling up his snot before he tells Dream in a raspy tone. "I feel better."

Dream reaches towards the nightstand, temporarily letting go of his hand as he offers a glass of water. George accepts the glass with a soft thank you, craning his body up while he steadily drinks. The conflicting comment earns him a raised eyebrow from the Slytherin. Settling the glass back down, George chases the looks of doubt away by rubbing his cheek and squeezing his hand in reassurance.

"I still feel a bit sick though." And as if on cue, nausea replaces the butterflies in his stomach, forcing a groan of discomfort out of George.

Dream straightens up, sitting back to stretch his sore muscles, and George naturally lets his hand off his face. Their other hands still remaining intertwined.

"That's normal." Dream states, leaning up and reaching out to George with the back of his palm. George draws closer, tilting his face up so his forehead could reach Dream's hand. After a couple of checks to his forehead and a few to his neck, Dream sits back, looking satisfied with himself. "You seem to be a bit better."

Then he combs back George's hair soothingly. "But you still have a light fever. You should get more rest so it can break sooner."

George hums, too lazy to move his mouth and form words.

"Did you hear what I said?" Dream asks.

He hums again, a hum of affirmation. But if Dream took that as a negative then that wasn't George's fault now was it?

"George!" Dream laughs at him, exasperated yet soft. He squeezes George's hand, firm enough to cause a bit of pain. George knows Dream would do a bit more than that if he wasn't currently unwell.

"Listen to me this time okay?" Dream continues to comb back George's hair, slowly lulling George to sleep, not really doing a good job of making him pay attention. The Ravenclaw wiggles in reply, settling further on the mattress to find a good position. He nuzzles his robe. Enjoying how the smell of the fabric surrounds him and how the scent is mysteriously similar to Dream's.

Dream calls out to him, poking his cheeks for every mention of his name. George weakly tries to swat his hand away, sleep slowly taking over his body but not being able to fall unconscious because of someone.

"Don't fall asleep yet you idiot," George can practically hear the smile in Dream's voice. "you haven't eaten anything since lunch."

That is true, but George just hums noncommittally. Not really caring if he eats or not because he doubts his stomach can handle anything other than water. He just wants to sleep more, then maybe he'll think about filling his stomach. Curling in further on himself, he softly asks Dream what time it was. Doing so to see if Dream is being sensible with his request.

While Dream casts a spell to check, George gets comfortable. Burrowing in the sheets further, drawing the blanket closer to his shoulders. His eyes are slowly falling shut, but he snaps awake when Dream states that it's nearing midnight.

"Specifically, 10:45" He clarifies, crossing his arms and sending George a look.

"Which means you have to eat." George blearily glares back, trying to muster a threatening scowl but failing. So Dream *was* being reasonable. The last time he had eaten anything was around noon. Just plain bread and soup, nothing heavy to avoid upsetting his already fragile appetite. But he really doesn't have the energy to get out of this comfortable bed, force his feet to stand, walk out of the room, possibly go down *stairs*, into the kitchens to grab food and do the exact same process in reverse.

It's too tasking for his weak body. Even just thinking about it makes him tired.

"Do I have to?" George closes his eyes, knowing he's being childish by trying to refuse. However, even the mere mention of food makes his stomach churn. He hasn't thrown up so far, but he just might if he consumes anything that isn't liquid.

Dream huffs out a chuckle, "You're sick, you idiot." He says as he lightly ruffles George's hair.

The Slytherin pats his hair two times, slowly draws his hand back before standing up, straightening invisible creases on his pants. Dream wiggles his foot, stomping and kicking the air, muttering under his breath about not sitting too long in that position again.

George lets out a whine of discontent, "I really don't want to Dream..."

"How about this then," Dream offers, "I'll get you something to eat, something light. Try eating what you can, and I'll finish any leftovers. Deal?"

"M'kay..." George acquiesces, satisfied with the compromise. He wiggles in bed, trying to find a comfortable position to sleep in. Hopefully, Dream finally lets him get his deserved shut eye, or he just might body bind this boy and 'wingardium leviosa' him away to get some peace.

He is hyperaware of the sounds Dream makes as shuffles about the room. Opening and closing a bag, a crinkle of fabric, the friction of his steps muted on the plush carpet. The noises come to a stop in front of him. George didn't give it much thought, assuming that Dream was just looking for something within his general vicinity.

Which meant it took all of George's willpower, and control, to not gasp when Dream ever so lovingly pushes his hair back and plants a feather light kiss to his temple.

His mind become dizzy at the gesture, body heating up and hands starting to sweat. George spirals further when Dream ceases contact but remains within his reach. Stroking his hair in a calming rhythm. It should've been the final straw that sends George into a deep sleep, had his heart not threatened to beat out of his chest.

It is quite a well-known fact to his friends that George doesn't like receiving physical affection when the moment doesn't warrant it. Hugs done in response to completing an achievement are totally fine but being hugged out of the blue or being hugged as a gesture of thanks makes the hair on his skin rise.

He never knew why he reacts like that, never bothered to find out, and accepted that it's just the way he's always been. Even as a child, he would shy away from his relatives whenever they would kiss his cheek in greeting, wiggling out of their grasps when they have carried him for too long.

So why is it that Dream is an exception to that? Even when they were younger, George has never minded when Dream interlaces their fingers as they walk the castle grounds. Or when he leans into his space when he laughs too hard at his own jokes.

The reason is clearer now, but it was never *just that*. It was never *just* George loving Dream as more than a friend, but also the fact that his presence brings George so much comfort, warmth, and safety. When he first started to notice his lack of aversion to Dream's touches, he was admittedly shocked. Though he initially shook it off as excitement at finding a more like-minded friend, it soon becomes much more than that. When he sighs in relief every time he spots the familiar blonde hair. Or when he immediately feels safer whenever the taller boy slides beside him.

Hand in his hair, warmth surrounding him, George wishes he could stay in this moment forever.

But time stops for no one, no matter how many people wish it would. Soon enough, the comforting rhythm ceases, and the hand slides off his hair again. His heart rate slows down, but it still beats unsteadily. Sounds of rustling fabric draw farther away from him, following Dream's decreasing presence.

It is tempting to open his eyes and tell Dream to come back but clenches his fist, swallowing his words down. Dream thinks he's unconscious, and George doesn't want to think about the embarrassment he would have face when he explains to Dream why he was pretending to be asleep and allowing Dream to freely do what he did. George is not in the correct mindset to properly retort if that were to happen.

He hears more crinkling fabric before the door finally creaks open. There's a weird, prolonged silence that made George think Dream has left. The sound of a billowing robe proves him wrong and he holds his eyes shut for a bit longer. A phrase is whispered into the air, said so softly that George didn't catch any of the words. Then the door finally shuts. George gives himself a few seconds, listening for any indication that Dream may come back. When he thinks Dream is not within the area anymore, he finally opens his eyes.

The first thing that catches his eye is the mahogany double doors that lead out of the room. He stares at it, dazed, for quite some time.

“I hope you don’t get caught, idiot.” He says to the empty room.

“I’ll miss you even more if you do.”

Imbued in his words are longing.

No one is there to hear it.

Using his invisibility cloak – which he fortunately brings everywhere as a precaution -, Dream speed walks his way to the kitchen. Every second that ticks by, is a second wasted not taking care of George. This late into the night, he knows there are barely any professors or prefects roaming the hallways for patrol, so there’s barely any need for the cloak.

However, there’s always the possibility of them staying out later than their usual times. And even though Dream can probably charm his way out of receiving punishment should he ever get caught, that would still delay him from getting back to George quicker. It’s better to be safe than to be sorry.

After going down multiple flights of stairs, Dream could cry in happiness once he steps foot in the brightly lit, familiar hallway decorated with food themed paintings. He quickly picks up his pace, ignoring the ache in the soles his feet.

He knows it was his choice to bring George to the Room of Requirement, but Dream still had the right to hate the fact that the room was located on the *seventh* floor of all places. Couldn’t the founders of Hogwarts have placed it lower or hid it behind a painting or done something that didn’t involve people having to go up seven flights of stairs to reach it?

Distracted by his fuming, he almost didn’t notice that he has passed by the kitchen entrance. It was only his muscle memory feeling off that caused him to stop, look around at the slightly unfamiliar illustrations and quickly run back to the more recognizable painting of a fruit bowl.

Unveiling on a fraction of his cloak, Dream's hand instinctively reaches out to a particular fruit in the bowl, having done the same thing so many times before. He wiggles his fingers to tickle the pear. The fruit in turn, giggles, shaking in glee, before turning into a green doorknob. The Slytherin twists the transfigured knob and pushes the door open. Unveiling his cloak fully as he steps into the warm, welcoming kitchen.

Half an hour later, Dream leaves the kitchen levitating a fresh bowl of chicken noodle soup enough for both him and George. Dream leaves with the well wishes from the elves for George's recovery. As well as luck for any future developments in their relationship.

Dream shakes his head, shrugging on his cloak and makes the tedious trek back to the seventh floor once again. Completely bewildered at their assumptions and totally not entertaining the thought that everyone basically sees him and George as a pair, as a *couple*, when they're *not*. He debates on whether he should swing by either of their dorms but decides against it. Not wanting to risk running into Wilbur and his... temper.

He knows that it looks suspicious to anyone that knew them that he and George just happened to go missing at the exact same time. It also doesn't help that numerous students last saw them together and could have easily relayed that information off to Wilbur out of context.

He shivers just thinking what the older Ravenclaw might do to Dream should they encounter each other.

Picking up his pace, he manages to make it back to George within a couple of minutes. Breathless but managing to successfully bring the soup to its intended destination without spilling any of its contents. He draws back his cloak, taking a deep gulp of fresh air and carefully levitates the bowl to sit on top of the table.

The Slytherin folds the cloak up, storing the fabric in his bag. He then moves to sit beside the sleeping Ravenclaw, checking his temperature to see if there have been any significant improvements. It seems to have dropped slightly, though he's still quite warm.

The additional warmth of his touch seems to have stirred George from his nap, blearily opening his eyes at Dream. He gazes at Dream, seemingly in a daze before abruptly looking away to avoid

sneezing into his face. Dream snatches another towel off the pile beside George and brings it up to his nose. George instinctively blows his nose into it, letting out a groan of discomfort as he flops back onto the bed.

“I have food,” Dream says, patting George consolingly before moving away to discard the used towel in hamper he saw in the bathroom.

“What took you so long?” He hears George through the open door, volume barely below shouting.

“The elves already retired, so I had a hard time finding where everything is.” He washes his hands on the sink, using his pants to wipe it dry and heads out. There’s movement from the mattress as Dream closes the bathroom door. When he turns around, George is sitting up, leaning against the headboard, and looking in his direction.

“You...cooked the food?” George slowly says. “That’s...worrying.” He glances at the table, squinting dubiously at the steaming bowl innocently sitting on top.

“What?!” Dream yells at George incredulously, walking over to the drawer at the foot of the bed, “You’ve eaten my cooking before George!”

Dream squats down to search for eating utensils, “You even requested I make you some? Hello?”

“When did I say that?” George snuffles, humming all innocently. As if Dream didn’t know he’s purposefully being a brat right now.

He stops his rummaging to look at George from atop the drawer, “Oh, as if you weren’t the person who went ‘Dream, can you make more of these for me please?’.”

George glances away, face purposefully blank of any emotion. “No... Maybe you’re talking about another George?” Then he looks back to Dream, raising his eyebrows at him.

“Because I know any other Georges, sure.” Dream says sarcastically, rolling his eyes at him and resumes his searching, letting out a small sound of triumph when he finds what he needs. He stacks a pair of plates, bowls and spoons in his arms and carries them over to the table.

“Who knows, maybe you secretly know a lot of Georges and I’m just one of many.” George gasps softly “Am I a backup George?”

Dream turns to look at him from where he was separating the soup into two unequal portions. Less for George so he can finish it easier. “Don’t be ridiculous.” He scoffs and doesn’t say that he’s the only George he’ll care about, even *if* he knew other ‘Georges’

George just gives him a playfully questioning look.

Dream tries his best to suppress a smile. “Stop it.” George giggles, and raises his in surrender. At this point he’s done plating their food, giving more vegetables to George.

“Table or bed? Bed yeah?” Dream turns to ask. He already knows the more likely answer, but he would like to confirm it to George. Just in case the other boy randomly decided he wanted to eat on the table instead.

However, as expected George nods, and Dream transfigures one of the towels into a bed tray to place the food on. He pours them both a glass of water, placing it on the tray as well before he levitates it to settle in front of George.

Once the food has been placed in front of them, George gives him a small smile in thanks. Dream shakes his head fondly, sitting before they both dig in. Sharing soft glances while they talk about their day. Dream answers George’s questions about how they got here, what is this place and more. They don’t talk about George’s sickness, however, seeing as the reason was obvious. But Dream can’t shake off the feeling that there’s more to the story than meets the eye.

Eventually, they finish their soup. Dream praising George when he glanced over to his bowl and saw that the other has mostly finished its contents, with only stray pieces of vegetable and pasta remaining. George chastises Dream, saying he’s not a kid to be praised for every good thing that they do. Though there seems to be a flush to his cheeks, but Dream figures it’s from the boy’s fever or the heat of the room.

He hands George his glass of water before taking the tray to the bathroom to have the bowls and cutlery rinsed clean. Dream would have to take them down to the kitchens to be properly washed once they woke up. But that’s for tomorrow, so he stacks them neatly on the table and leaves it be.

At this point, it late enough into the night that Dream is starting to feel the calling of sleep. He

persuades George into standing for a bit so he can go to the bathroom to brush his teeth and change his clothes if necessary. George obediently complies, but not before grumbling that he should be carried to and from the bathroom. An interesting thing for him to say but Dream just smacks his arm and tells George that he's not a servant at his disposal. The other boy just gives him a raised brow before shutting the bathroom door on his face.

Rolling his eyes at the implied message, Dream proceeds to basically prove George right by fixing the bed even if the other boy will just sleep in it again a few minutes later. He opens the cabinet, grabbing a spare pillow and blanket and throws it over to the couch. The Slytherin also gets a fresh set of clothes to change into, not wanting to sleep in his used uniform. Grabbing a towel, some necessities, and another set of pajamas for George, he closes the cabinet shut, walking over to the bookshelves near the fireplace as he waits for George to come out of the bathroom.

He's in the middle of browsing books when George yells for Dream to hand him some clothes. Already expecting that this would happen, Dream knocks on the door and tell George that he already has his clothes. Dream it to George through the slight opening the other boy made. George nods his thanks and shuts the door back, yelling through the door that Dream made a good servant.

Dream tells him to shut up and hurry or else he's going to fall asleep standing. After a few more minutes of shuffling around inside, George finally steps out, looking fresh. He can't get over how adorable George looked with his 'sweater paws' and bunched up bottom cuffs that Dream had to subtly look away from George to resist the urge to hug and squeeze him out of pure adoration.

George mentions he left his old clothes in the hamper because he didn't know what to do with it. After saying he'll handle it, he nudges George to the direction of the bed as he shuts the door and takes his turn.

He steps into the tub and takes a quick shower to get rid of the dirt he accumulated throughout the whole day. Toweling himself dry a couple of minutes later, he was brushing his teeth with the towel wrapped around his waist when a scream of his name jolted Dream into opening the door hastily and peering out, toothbrush still in his mouth.

Looking around the room, nothing seems to be amiss. He glances at the boy sitting on the bed and tilts his head in question. George has a faraway look, only looking Dream in the eye once he snapped his fingers impatiently.

George blinks back to the present, shakes his head minutely and makes a shooing motion at Dream. The Slytherin makes a weird face at him and head back inside to finish brushing his teeth.

After that weird interaction, Dream steps out of the bathroom minutes later, towel draped around his neck and feeling renewed. George is now focused on a book, leaning against the headboard while he wiggles his toes underneath the blankets. Dream slides up next to him, tossing the towel to the foot of the bed, and asks George what he's reading.

The Ravenclaw lifts the blankets up so Dream can draw in closer and see what's in the book. Inching closer, Dream snakes his hand around George's waist and pulls him closer. George leans into his touch, resting his head on Dream's shoulder as he tilts the book so they can both see it better.

The words on the page don't register to Dream at all, instead focused on the heat of George's body against his own. Pages flip over every other minute and Dream just enjoys the relaxed atmosphere. He's clean, the room is adequately warm, and he has the boy he loves, silently reading in his arms.

Words cannot describe how content Dream feels.

Soon enough, the pages flip slower and slower, before stopping all together. Dream looks down to see George asleep once again. Gently prying the book from his lax hands, he places it on the bedside table. Proceeding to slowly slide away from George and settling him on the bed.

The moment he makes a move to head to the couch, George's eye snap open and his hand shoots out to grasp Dream's wrist. The boy says nothing, only tugging lightly and Dream immediately knows what he wants.

Sliding back to the bed and wrapping his arms around George, Dream informs him that he'll only stay here until George falls asleep. George seems happy at the compromise and snuggles closer to Dream, making him let out a soft chuckle. His breathing even out again soon enough, and Dream places a soft kiss to his hair as a supposed goodbye.

But as his lips linger longer, eyes drift close. With warmth surrounding him, his body slowly begins to weigh more and more, pinning him to the plush mattress underneath. The last thing he can vaguely remember was a soft touch to his neck.

And then nothingness.

Something shifts against his side, dragging Dream to the edge of consciousness. It squirms a lot, pulling him more and more into wakefulness. Dream decidedly has enough of it, mind crying out for a few more hours of precious sleep.

He uses the arm he has underneath the lump to haul it closer to him, settling it on his chest. He locks his arms together and squeezes it to make it stop squirming. The lump seems to have figured that it's position has changed and squirms again to find a good spot. After a few more seconds of fidgeting – a good few seconds in which Dream woozily debates sleeping on the couch instead- the lump relaxes against his neck, an additional fluffy object tickling his jaw. It settles down soon enough, humming a content sigh into the junction of his neck. Something slips through Dream's hair and settles there too.

It's quiet now, the lump has settled. So, he loosens his hold, though he still keeps his hand on top of it. The blanket seems to be searing hot as they tangle against his own legs. With a comfortable weight on his chest, Dream falls asleep, trying to match his breathing with the foreign rhythm that beats against his own heart.

A surprise greets Dream when his body finally decides that is has had enough sleep, even if Dream would like to say otherwise.

Slowly blinking his eyes open, he taps around the bed side table for his wand and casts a tempus charm to check the time. It's currently sometime around mid-morning, a perfectly acceptable time to wake up in the weekend. Feeling an ache in his back, Dream tries to stretch it out.

Only to be held back by a weight against his chest.

He's greeted by fluffy, brown hair when he snaps his head down. Long lashes flit behind closed eyelids, back rising and falling in time with Dream's chest. The Slytherin's hand rest on the small of his back. Pale arms pin Dream's sun kissed biceps to the bed and legs are tangled every which way under the blankets – or what's left after most of it's been kicked off the edge of the bed.

George peacefully sleeps on top of him, softly snoring without a care in the world. Dream doesn't know how they went from lying side by side, facing each other, with an acceptable distance separating them to being pressed against each other, with no space in between and Dream being

comfortably used as a pillow by George. He's not complaining. It's not everyday you get an opportunity to wake up beside the person you love, sleeping soundly in your arms. He knows it's just coincidence, but he'll pretend that this happened because they fell asleep like this. Like they made the conscious decision to cuddle close together. It makes him feel like his love is reciprocated, even if it's not true.

Dream lingers in bed, savouring the warmth provided by the fire, the blankets, and the weight of George against him. He would have liked to lounge in bed until the other boy woke up, but sadly, he has to take care of his needs. His bladder is crying out and his stomach is not doing any better.

As carefully as he can, Dream tries to wiggle out of George's grasp. It's not that hard, since a sick George is a sleepy George, but sleepy George does not like being woken up unnecessarily. He gently removes George's arms from where they trap his own and brings them to his sides, grasping George's lithe waist – why do they fit so nicely in his hands- and uses his elbows to roll him off his chest.

He overestimated the power however, and Dream also ended up rolling over. This time it's him on top of George. Hovering over the Ravenclaw, palms on either side of his head. The view Dream gets from this angle makes him want to cry. Dream can never get tired at looking at George, at any angle, at any time. He would do it all the time if it wouldn't weird people out.

How could he not want to spend all his free time admiring George when he looks this gorgeous and he's not even doing anything? He's just peacefully sleeping. A sliver of drool escapes his mouth, the only moisture present with his chappy lips. He has marks on the cheek that rested against Dream chest, they give his face a much needed colour. Speaking of, the pallid tone George sported from the day before is mostly gone, he's almost back to his normal, rosy hue and Dream breaks out in a soft grin at the improvement.

Getting a boost of energy, he clambers off George and slips on the slippers. Dream goes to the vanity, trying to fix his bed head but fails. Guess it's one of those days. He doesn't mind. Casting a tempus charm, it shows that it was around an hour before breakfast and people don't usually wake up before the breakfast bell rings besides a few morning people.

Deciding that his look was presentable enough for socializing with the few people he might see, he sets off. Only to double back when a gust of cold air slaps his face once he opens the door. The gust of wind makes the flames flicker. It somehow also manages to reach George, making the boy whimper in discomfort and making him dangerously roll over the edge of the bed, only a few centimeters away from a rude awakening.

Dream walks back to George, rolling him over to the center and tucking the blankets up to his chin. He brushes George's hair away and straightens up, looking around the room to find anything he

could use against the chilly morning air. An idea pops in his mind when he sees George's cloak lying on the floor, internally debating with himself on whether he should use it or not. In the end, he walks over, picks up the robe, shakes off any dust that may have settled on the clothing and slips it on. It's a little short on the sleeves and the hems only reach slightly below his knees but it would have to do.

Casting additional heating charms to the robe, Dream prepares to leave the room. Grabbing his wand from the nightstand, he surveys the room to see if there was anything he needed before he left – the bowls from last night seems to have mysteriously vanished, but Dream thinks nothing of it. Finding none, he turns to leave, but not before placing a small gentle peck to George's forehead. Dream stands before the door, casting one final glance to his sleeping friend and hurriedly slips out before the cold air could disturb George again. The door softly clicks shut behind him as he sets out to get them some breakfast.

Dream walks in a leisurely pace to the great hall, enjoying how peaceful and quiet the castle is before everyone woke up for breakfast. He's not in a hurry to rush back, knowing George and his morning routine, he will most likely sleep in since it is the weekend. That would probably give him enough time eat and pick up some food for George on the way back. He doesn't need to swing by their dorms just yet, almost everything they have needed was in the room, nor does he need to pass by the hospital wing, The room can just conjure more pepper up potion for him if so pleases.

Going down the last flight of stairs – he's getting used to the long journey, it's actually a good exercise-, he spots a familiar head of blonde hair. He doesn't want to assume that every small blonde girl he sees is his sister, but there's no way that the air this girl possesses could belong to anyone but his sister. She's awake before the morning bell. Weird, seeing as Dream normally has to send a howler to her room to even rouse her from her sleep.

He calls out to her, jogging down the stairs when the girl perks up in attention. Drista looks around for a bit, trying to find where his voice was coming from. She eventually catches his eye and the younger Slytherin squints at him questioningly.

“Dream?”

“Hi! Good morning!” Dream greets her cheerily, acting as if he hadn't been gone for *a whole day* with no mention of where he went.

“Morning...” Drista greets him hesitantly, a series of emotions flickering through her eyes. They settle on a steely glare as she places her hands on her hips. Posture containing too much sass and spunk for a girl of her stature. “Where were you last night? I didn’t see you in the common room at any point yesterday.”

“And when I asked around, no one knew where you were. Even Sapnap didn’t know.” She adds, crossing her arms and intently observing him.

“Oh,” Dream stops in front of her to unhelpfully say, disturbed at the intensity his sister was looking at him, like she was taking him apart piece by piece and examining him to the finest detail. “I was...” He trails off, not really knowing what to say. He can’t tell a lie to Drista. This girl is way too smart for her age – a trait she inherited from him in all honesty- and she can immediately tell when he’s lying.

“You were with George weren’t you?”

And she hits a bullseye. This is what Dream was talking about when he says Drista is too smart for her own good. He didn’t even give her any hint that he and George were together, but she has somehow already connected the dots in her tiny, little gremlin brain. Dream can’t speak, too flustered to. Knowing that if he did, his voice might crack and Drista will tease him about it for a whole month. And he is not in a mood to give this girl anymore ammunition.

Drista gives him a once over before letting out a squeal of delight. She has spotted the detail that confirms her suspicions “Oh my God, You were!” She says it like it’s a fact, voice high and smug and oh does that grind on his nerves.

Dream squints his eyes threateningly at his sister, daring her not to mention why the internal lining of his robes is a sapphire blue instead of emerald green. He tries to make her cower in fear, pretending he isn’t as embarrassed as he feels inside. “Shut up!”

It doesn’t work on Drista though, she’s had years to get used to the ‘death’ stares and she probably that it’s all just for show and that Dream wouldn’t actually do anything to harm her. Too loving of his precious younger sister.

“Oooohh~ Dream~” She coos at Dream, clasping her hands together, bringing it to her chest as her face cracks a maniacal grin.

“What?” Dream snaps at her.

“Are you not going to introduce me to your boyfriend?~” She flutters her eyes at him, mocking. Voice lilting at the end of her sentence.

What does this girl think happened between him and George? Nothing of what she’s probably thinking of happened between them!

“He. Is not. My. Boyfriend, Drista.” Dream emphasizes every word through gritted teeth, trying to get the message across.

“Not yet he’s not.” Drista just beams at him innocently.

He blinks at her. Then he blinks some more. His expression morphs to being slightly annoyed to being incredulous, mouth agape in shock. The older Slytherin tries to retort, but the only sounds his mouth is capable of doing right now are sputters of disbelief. With no way to verbally express the emotions he’s feeling right now, he turns to hit Drista, but it’s more like a light slap to her arm.

“Ow!” She yelps, rubbing at where he made contact as if it actually hurts. Dream knows she’s just being overdramatic and hits her once again.

” Stop hitting me!” Drista yells at him, trying to hit him back in retaliation but he easily dodges her tiny swipes. “That’s child abuse!”

“No it’s not!” He chuckles out his words loudly, finding joy in riling up his sister in any way he can. A small payback for her teasing. “And you deserve it! You were being a nosy bi- person!”

Drista stops trying to hit him to dramatically gasp, and Dream wonders when his smart, sweet little angel of a sister turn into such a big drama queen. With the skills she’s currently showcasing, she could definitely be an actress. He also wonders just how much Tommy has influenced his sister. “Were about to about to call me a swear word?”

He looks away from her, pursing his lips and tapping his foot but not trying to deny that he almost did.

“You were!” She screams at him, pointing her tiny finger at him playfully.

Dream raises an eyebrow at her and crosses his arms. “And? You’ve probably heard worse from Tommy!”

Now it’s her turn to look away not deny a statement. Though she does shrug in acknowledgement, so Dream considers that a win.

Dream shakes his head, ruffling his hair while he lets out a huge breath. Hand coming to a rest on his neck. “It’s too early to deal with this.”

“No it’s not,” Drista states. “There’s like what? thirty minutes? before the breakfast bell rings?” She guesses, looking up in thought.

“What?!” Dream yells, before slapping a hand to his mouth, not meaning for his voice to be so loud. He didn’t expect for his conversation with Drista to take so long. Now he has almost no more time to do what he said he was going to do.

“Yeah, you didn’t notice?” She tilts her head at him in question.

“No! I thought I had more time.”

“Well you should get going then.”

“Yeah, I should.” Dream says, already mentally adjusting his tasks to fit the new timeframe he’s been given. He then leaves a reminder for her. “If anyone comes up to you looking for either me or George, just tell them to send an owl or a howler or something.”

Drista nods at him, face surprisingly serious. “Got it.”

Dream ruffles Drista’s hair to wipe the sudden seriousness in her face, and also because he knows that it will annoy her to bits.

“Agh! Dream!” She swats at him, but he dodges her just in the nick of time.

“Gotta go now.” Dream ignores her screams of indignation.” Just tell the others that we’re fine if you see them okay?”

“Okay...” She huffs out, still looking annoyed at him.

Dream give her a shit-eating grin then jogs off. Hopefully he’ll make it to the kitchens before they start sending food to the Great Hall.

With a mad dash to the lower level of the castle, in which he ignores the cries of his unused muscles, he makes it just in time. Entering the kitchen just as the elves were setting the dishes out on the tables.

They were a bit spooked at his sudden entrance, but immediately swarmed to his side when they realized who he was. He politely asks if he could have some of the food to go, offering to do it himself just as long as they’ll allow him to take some. The elves enthusiastically agree, setting off to pile some food for him to take and thankfully they don’t ask why he’s eating separate from the rest of the student body. Though from the way their eyes look at him knowingly as he’s handed two dishes, – he didn’t even mention he needed two- it seems like his conversation with the elves, Blinky and Lyla, late last night in the kitchens has already spread to the other members of the kitchen staff.

Dream leaves the kitchen with a wave of goodbye and a call of thanks. The elves wave back, some offering their congratulations. What’s with everyone today and assuming that there’s been progress in his relationship with George.

This weighs on his mind as he makes his way back to the room.

Upon return, he almost drops the plates he’s been levitating so carefully for the past seven floors when he sees George awake and sitting up.

The Ravenclaw is hunched over a book – of course he does-, too engrossed in it’s contents to even notice his entrance. George really shouldn’t be doing anything strenuous; he should rest more and just catch up on the sleep he’s lost. But knowing him, he’ll just throw a fit or put on a sad act until he got his way. So, Dream just lets him be.

A knock on the door and an announcement of breakfast being served catches the other boy's attention. He looks at Dream with bed-raggled hair and clear, sparkling eyes, his normal liveliness is back and is a definite improvement from yesterday. Though his movements are still a bit sluggish and heavy as he reaches out to accept plate of food from Dream. George gives him a smile in thanks and pats the open space in front of him, a silent invitation that Dream readily accepts with a smile of his own.

They fall into a comfortable routine throughout the weekend. Dream would wake up first, lounge on the bed to admire George for a bit before he got up and fetched them breakfast. When he came back with their food, George would already be awake by then. Reading a book as he waited for Dream to come back.

He would greet Dream with a smile and gesture for him to sit down on the bed so they could eat together. They would then talk about anything that came to mind. Ranging from mundane topics like what's they're going to have for dinner and talking about their future careers, to more interesting ones like Bad and Skeppy's developing relationship and what's going to happen to the two of them since they're going to graduate soon.

They talk about the most random of things with no context as to why it was brought up and they would just naturally carry on. Sooner or later though, they would fall into a comfortable silence. That would be Dream's cue to clean up and George's to wash up and change into a new set of clothes.

At one point, as he was getting a fresh set of pajamas, George asked Dream why all the clothes in the closet were only in Dream's size rather than having both of theirs. Dream just shrugged non-committedly, making up a vague excuse so he wouldn't have to tell George that the room summons whatever a person needed and desired- within reason of course.

After that Dream would wait for George to fall asleep, cuddling beside him to lull him into a relaxed state faster. If George wasn't in a particularly sleepy mood, Dream would ask him random questions, trying to drain his mental capacity until his eyes flutter close. However, George seems to be reluctant in answering questions regarding his sickness and the books he's reading. Shying away when Dream asks him why he's reading a book on different aquatic herbs and looking extremely guilty when Dream mentions his sleep deprived state.

Dream doesn't pry; he knows the answer will come to him soon enough. If not from George telling it himself, then it would be from Dream finding out eventually.

He sneaks out once George has passed out. Tucking him in properly and never forgetting to give him a kiss to his hair, a silent goodbye. Dream knows he could just leave when George is awake, and it wouldn't make a difference. But he feels bad leaving George alone in the room without anyone to keep him company. At least with him asleep, George wouldn't notice that Dream had left.

Once he steps out of the room, Dream makes the most of the time he has to get all the essential items they would need. He would check the library to see if they have books on the same topic that George had been reading. When he sees some that could potentially be within the same category, he checks them out of the library so George could have a wider selection of books to read from – even if the room is already filled with stacks upon stacks of books. He then stops by the kitchens to get lunch, spelling the dishes with a stasis charm so George can eat them at any time.

He would rush back to their room, even though he knows George would still be sleeping even though it's afternoon already. Dream indulges him, but he can't help but tease his friend when he wakes up looking so lost and dazed. He would laugh and point at the bedhead that was slowly becoming a staple to George's appearance and George in turn would throw his pillow at him in annoyance.

It was domestic. Comforting.

Just the two of them in their own little bubble of warmth and happiness.

So it wasn't a surprise when they were hesitant to leave the room once George's fever broke. Movements unhurried, as if they were trying to slow down time by slowing down themselves.

They had both decided the night before to skip the first day of classes that week to allow George to adjust to his environment. They had to make sure that the stimulus doesn't send him back into a fever again.

When they woke up on the last day, Dream doesn't bother to get breakfast before George wakes up. Instead, he stays in bed a bit longer than usual, rubbing George's back from where he comfortably lies on his chest, waiting for him to prettily flutter his eyes open. George wakes up soon enough, adorably rubbing the sleep and crust out of his eyes. Dream helps him wipe the grime off with both hands, tenderly using the pads of his fingers to swipe across George's eyelids and resisting the urge to affectionately pinch George's cheeks once he's done.

George is trying his best to stay conscious, but he's endearingly failing, head and eyes slowly drooping down before snapping back up. Dream chuckles softly at the sight, a gentle smile settling on his face. George is really too cute to handle. He cradles George's head in his hands, preventing his head from dropping down and subsequently, preventing George from developing neck pain. The Slytherin tries to slowly rouse George into full consciousness, drawing random shapes into his now rosy cheeks.

It took some time, but eventually George manages to gain enough awareness to stay awake. Dream just continues tracing random patterns on George's skin, making the Ravenclaw smile at him through closed eyes. He greets Dream with a crackly good morning, voice deep with sleep, but still managing to sound soft at the same time. Dream greets him back with a beaming grin, rhythmically pinching and squeezing his cheeks to fully wake him up.

George let's out a noise that vaguely sounds like annoyance, burying his head back to Dream's chest and twisting it left and right to get Dream's sweaty palms off his cheeks. Dream burst out in unexpected laughter, throwing his head back and wheezing so hard that it made George look up in bewilderment. And now they're both laughing together, happy wheezes mixing in with squeals of delight.

Dream is laughing for no particular reason at all. Only doing so to release the overwhelming happiness filling up his whole being. With George on him, happy, warm and content. Looking extremely adorable in his oversized pajamas and sleep mussed hair. Just the two of them, in this room, in their own little world of domestic bliss. God, does he wish this moment could last forever.

But, sadly, as they say, all good things must come to an end.

His wheezes taper off into tiny chuckles, though his shoulders still shake with glee. George follows suit, his own laughs changing into a soft smile that make his eyes disappear. Dream tapping George's cheek. The Ravenclaw got the message and lifted himself up so Dream could slide under him. They lay together side by side, looking at George with longing eyes.

As much as Dream would like to drown in George's mesmerizing brown eyes, he forces himself to look away and stand up, knowing that if doesn't, they would just stay here, in their little corner of comfort and peace. He extends a hand out to George, encouraging him to get out of bed as well.

George slowly accepts his hand, fingers wrapping delicately around his own before he uses it to lift himself off the bed. They shuffle around, slowly get dressed, helping each other slip on their respective robes and fixing the other's ties. They're capable of doing it on their own but they choose not to bring it up in their conversation. It's like they both know that once they're out of this room, they won't be allowed to do *this* anymore. That they're back to being *just* best friends again, back to keeping each other at an arm's length.

Knowing this, Dream takes his time, double checking and triple checking if they left anything important. George seems to be doing the same as well. He's not in any hurry to wear his shoes, sitting on the bed, arms perched to his side as he swings his legs back and forth, keeping his gaze to the floor in thought.

Dream walks over, picking up the discarded shoes and kneeling before George. In response, the other boy stops his kicking, lifting one of them up slightly so Dream can slip his shoes on. The room is enveloped in a comforting, but weighted, silence as Dream methodically laces George's shoes for him. Gently setting his leg down after he's done. He taps for George's other leg, then proceeds to lace his other shoe.

After he does the securing ribbon, he doesn't stand, not really wanting to believe that their time is actually up seeing as they have no reason to be here anymore. He makes a confused sound in the back of his throat when George leans down and hugs him firmly. Goggles digging into his skin as George clutches his robes desperately. Dream hugs him back just as tightly, not really understanding the reason for the hug

Unable to delay the inevitable any longer, they eventually separated and stand from their respective places. Slinging their bags over their shoulders, they walk out with their hands firmly intertwined with each other, casting one final glance into the room before they shut it close.

They stand outside the mahogany doors for a while, reluctant to leave the only space in all of Hogwarts curated just for the two of them. Eventually, they took small, tentative steps forward. Gradually garnering a steady pace as they walk away from the Room of Requirement, and closer to the stairs that lead back to their normal, stressful, platonic life.

Behind them, the room vanishes from sight, its purpose done. With it, the memories they made and shared within its four walls. An interaction they will barely speak of moving forward but would continue to hold dearly in their hearts.

A glimpse as to what they could be if they just took the chance.

Chapter End Notes

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS CHAPTER WAS SUPPOSED TO BE EVEN LONGER?

I had to cut off three scenes and revise the whole fic because of it. There was a hinted kitchen scene that happened between Dream and two elves. A part of it is written, but I had a hard time visualizing some elements and eventually scrapped it. There was

supposed to be scene between Dream and Madame Pomferey, but i changed certain elements so i can write that part off. And the ending was supposed to be light hearted! Like people were supposed to tease Dream and George for being together the whole weekend. But AGh! Time constraints!

The next chapters won't take that long to be uploaded as they're handled by Mik and they've already written all of it. The last chapter is mine and please don't worry about me taking too long again, it was actually the first chapter I've ever wrote, even before the quidditch practice one HAHAHAHA

WITH THAT BEING SAID, I HOPE YOU ENJOYED TODAY'S CHAPTER.
COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE APPRECIATED AS ALWAYS!!! (i read all comments and will reply to all of them once the fic is done.)

SEE YOU NEXT TIME!!!

cupid crystals.

Chapter by [mik mik](#)

Chapter Summary

in which george learns how to dance.

Chapter Notes

henlo ! it's mik

alas, i do not have enough writing talents to chug out a 10k+ work after weeks of eyeing it like serene, so you'll be stuck with me and my norm of 5k words :D

hope you still enjoy, though !! comments are much appreciated <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Astronomy was so fun today!” Karl chimed, plopping onto the yellow couch in the Hufflepuff Common Room whilst giggling. They had finished their first two classes of the day before hanging out. He glances at the brunet that stood before him, eyes crinkling as he grinned at him. “We really should partner more often, George!”

Smiling bashfully as he touches the bit of leather on the pair of goggles that were snug around his neck, a habit that had grown over the time that he had them, George agreed. “As long as we won’t be causing too much of a ruckus like that very often, then yeah, I’m down.”

The light-haired male’s smile grew before sitting up properly, suddenly remembering something. “I *totally* forgot! *Yule Ball*, George! It’s *already tonight!* Oh, this is gonna be *so* exciting!”

George raised his eyebrows as he was reminded of the event. Everything that had happened so far in their 6th year at Hogwarts felt so *surreal*. Not as in like, *magical* kind of surreal— George spent his entire life around the supernatural that it’s *his* kind of normal. It was hard for him to realize that only a month was about to pass. The past few days just seem to have zoomed by with so much things happening, an instance being the Triwizard Tournament and what had come out of it.

He thinks back to the time when the contestants were being chosen and announced. He knew that Sapnap, according to Karl, had been looking forward to this event ever since they were all in first year. Both him and Dream decided to put their names at the same and see who would be chosen

between them.

They were then told by the Gryffindor that he'd *already* placed his name into the Goblet, earning an upset tone from the taller male, before altogether pushing him closer to the source of the blue flame to register his name. Later on, it was revealed that the younger of two had *not* placed his name out of respect for his best friend who he deemed to have deserved the role better.

At first, the Slytherin had argued with him about it. He, too, knew that this was *very* important to the dark-haired male. Dream wanted it to go to his friend, *Why choose to give it to someone, a muggleborn at that, when you wanted it longer than anyone else?* It had even reached one point where the two had stopped facing each other, the blond's face falling each time they met gazes. It was only resolved when the Hufflepuff and the Ravenclaw had decided to step in and decided to lock both of them inside a room, only making up after throwing a few punches here and there. *Tough love*, George noted amusingly.

The brunet had taken note of the other competitors. Niki, from the Beuxbatons, is very skilled at Herbology and Charms. She seemed to be the kind of person who couldn't even hurt a fly, but can actually bite back. The blonde can cast spells after spells tirelessly and quite accurately each time. Minx, from the Durmstrangs on the other hand, was more of the hot-headed kind. Peaking at Defenses and Potions, George had perceived that she would have quite the leverage against Dream, thus making her an interesting opponent for him.

George had never known what true anxiety felt like until the day of the first task. Everyone had no idea what it'd be until the event itself, and it revealed to be a maze. The instructions given to them was to find pieces of a map scattered around the different pathways and find the way out using it. The pieces were color-coordinated for each person; tinted light blue, red, and green, respectively. It was advised to the players to keep their maps close to them even after this trial is done.

The last time he had met with the blond was the night before, a walk to his common room as they left the Library before curfew. He was jittery. (*Nervous*, he'd remark.) George knows fully well how antsy the taller male can be before competitions and tournaments, having seen these moments firsthand before quidditch and spell duels. The British male reassured him that he'd do well, that he can get things through his own ways like how he'd usually do. And that had put a smile on the other male's face, wishing him a peaceful rest before returning to his own room.

So, why was it that he was feeling *so* scared, as if he were the one in Dream's place? Was it because he wasn't allowed— *No one* was allowed to be near him, knowing that he'd be afraid of what's to come? That they were only able to stay sitting there, in the benches positioned at the entrance of the maze that was *possibly trapped at certain corners*? His hands were clammy as he watched the person he had admired for *so* long emerge from the entrance underneath, his breath being taken away as the male turned around to look up at the group with a confident smile on his face. As the Headmaster had called through the challengers' names, the entirety of Hogwarts began rooting for Dream the moment his name was mentioned.

Karl and Sapnap were whooping loudly and standing from their seats, whilst the oldest member stayed seated, waving his fist up and at the same time touching the goggles given to him.

Dream's smile grew bigger at their antics, his gaze meeting George's. "*You're such an idiot,*" He'd mouth.

And George would counter it with his own grin, replying, "*You're the bigger idiot.*"

Moments later, the shrubs that formed the maze had begun to weave its leaves together. The last thing the Ravenclaw saw was the blond's final glance at him before the entrance was completely blocked off, signaling that the race had begun. The wait that they all had to go through was *painfully long*, George would say. He was on the edge of his seat the entire time even while Karl and Sapnap were there distracting him from the current situation.

Dream was right. The team isn't the same when even one member isn't present.

At the end of the day, Dream had emerged out of the maze and taking the place of first. His face was covered in varying sizes of scratches, along with his fingers and shoulders. Relief had washed through everyone in their friend group. Finally releasing the unknown grip he had on his hands, he clapped along with everyone else to congratulate the Hogwarts representative.

"If the maze is tricky, then just be trickier." The blond remarked later on into the night, being in the Gryffindor common room's couch with everyone else as the British male tended to his wounds and changing the bandages that were soaked with blood. George snorted at this, noting this as *typical Dream behavior*.

They began to help him for whatever can lead to the next trial the day after. The headmasters had told all participants that the map they had found and pieced together contains a hint, but they need to *earn* it. Dream hadn't opened the map ever since coming out of the maze. When the Slytherin had turned the paper upside down, words began to emerge and form a sentence right in the middle of it.

"*Red through and through, it has no mouth, but it eats many things.*"

"The hell does that mean?" Sapnap was first to break the silence at that moment, utterly confused.

Rolling his eyes, George decided to be easy on the younger male. “It’s a riddle, silly.”

After pointing that out, the whole room went silent. *A riddle, huh?* George was good at these. Having his head practically stuck into every book he had ever read; it was his favorite thing to solve. He immediately pulled away from their little circle that were currently huddled in the middle of the Ravenclaw common room to think.

“You think it’d be a sock? Gryffindor socks, to be exact?” Sapnap chimed in, his tone happy as if he had figured it out, “They’re red. They eat feet.”

“Sap, I love you, but no.” Karl deadpanned. His partner gave out a noise that signified how offended he was right after.

It isn’t a sock, obviously. George remarked, knocking at his brain. *Red through and through*, it could be a door? A red door, one of the many doors in the halls? That couldn’t be it, the bookworm shaking his head as he realized that there are *way* too many doors. *Red through and through*, a heart, blood, maybe? But they don’t *eat* anything.

Huffing out in frustration, he turned around to look at his group in an attempt to cool his head. Karl was playing with his wand, deep in thought while Sapnap had his head rested on his shoulders. The brunet took this chance to ruffle his hair, successfully breaking the lighter-haired male out of his reverie while earning a noise of complaint.

He shifts his gaze to the blond, his weight on his arms as he leaned back looking up at the room’s ceiling. He seemed to be distracted. George takes this opportunity to take a good look at his face, subconsciously counting the freckles on his face. They seemed as if they were constellations that he could connect to each other.

He was then reminded of the night sky. He liked looking at stars, but he’d prefer it being daytime as he’d rather take walks at places while seeing everything without having to be alert of any creature that could pounce on him at any moment.

If you think about it, the sun is just a huge red ball. A *big* fireball. Sometimes, George would wonder if the earth would end up getting *eaten* by—

George stills, sun eating the earth. Being *engulfed* by flames. Flames burn everything into a crisp,

“*eating*” them.

“Fire.” The Ravenclaw gasps, earning everyone else’s attention as he hurriedly walks back to his spot on the floor in between Sapnap and Dream. “It’s *Fire*. Fire is usually seen as red, and it eats *nonstop*.”

Dream snorts, “Fire? But what’s the connection with me and—”

He immediately cuts himself short, suddenly still as his grin began to slowly melt. With furrowed eyebrows and concerned glances from everyone else, he slowly raised the map closer.

George worries, “Dream?”

And with a voice barely more than a whisper, it was only George (with his *freakishly* good hearing) who could understand the word that had left his mouth. “*Incendio*.”

The piece of paper then started to burn, until it suddenly *sparked* into a huge, green flame. Dream immediately grasped at George’s sweater, *utterly terrified*, pulling them both away from the fire whilst Sapnap had instantly dragged Karl back to the safety of the wall opposite to the other two.

George peered up at him, seeing tiny beads of sweat form as genuine fear had filled his gaze while watching the green blaze light up the entire common room. It was the first time he was seeing him so *scared* that the Ravenclaw had gently rubbed his back in an attempt to reassure him that they both weren’t hurt in any way.

The flame slowly flickered and dimmed, leaving an *origami* to flutter around the room as it died.

Karl was the first to act, putting a hand up to let the charmed object perch on his finger, “A *dragon*? A beige-colored one at that.”

The tall male wasn’t responding, his breath coming in short puffs. The brunet next to him was quick to act as he sat up properly, grabbing the panicked male’s hand and grasping his shoulder with the other. “*Dream!*”

Snapping out of it, Dream looks up to meet their worried faces. “Dude, are you okay?” Sappnap inquired.

The male shakes his head, silently thanking George. “I’m guessing that’s my clue.”

Seeing that it isn’t something the blond would want to talk about. The group, although hesitant, decided that it was best to drop it.

George was then brought back to the present when he felt himself being tugged by the goggles. Seeing that something precious to him was being fooled with, he immediately yanks it from the magical force coming from his friend’s wand. “*Karl!*”

Giggling, Karl was already near his cabinet when he stopped the spell. “You were standing there like a *mannequin* after I called you, like, 700 times!”

“What were you asking of me, anyway?” George rolled his eyes playfully as he sat down on the couch.

“Your robe for the ball!” The younger male exclaimed, his hair bouncing as he was searching through his bundle of clothes. “I was wondering what yours will be! I can’t choose if I’d want to wear this or this...”

Ah, yes, Yule Ball. He wasn’t exactly fond of the upcoming event, the reason being that he wouldn’t be celebrating it with a certain male. He was minding his business, being the first person of the team to arrive at the Great Hall for lunch when the purple-headed competitor had bounded over to him and asked for him to be her partner for the dance.

George knew *absolutely* nothing about Minx other than the little things he had picked up over the time she had spent in the castle. He was absolutely baffled when she began to flirt with him, casually dropping the question of being each other’s partners while asserting the fact that she wouldn’t be taking ‘no’ as an answer.

“I’m flattered, but—”

“You would be perfect as my partner, George!” The female quipped, cutting the British male off. “I’m loud, you’re not, opposites attract! We can make it work!”

He tries glancing around to look for someone, anyone, to help him out of this situation. As he was attempting to do so, Minx had suddenly grabbed both of his hands together in glee as she took his silence as compliance to her request.

“Perfect!” She squealed. “I’ll see you at the ball!”

“I don’t have any with me,” George sighed as he looked away from his friend. “Actually, I might just ditch the whole program altogether.”

Karl looked at him with raised eyebrows, “*What?!* But you told me and Sapnap that—”

“I *know*, but she managed to ask me before I could even ask Dream!” George covered his face in his hands. “I wanted to have my first dance with him, too.”

The male was honestly distraught. He had been dreaming of this day to come, being able to fool around with the person he admires without having it under the guise of a poor prompt (by the Hufflepuff and Gryffindor couple) or in extremely fragile moments of silence where one small movement can shatter the mood.

He was hoping to be able to tell the Slytherin of his feelings, too.

Frowning, Karl makes his way to the stressed male and laid a hand on his shoulder. “Look, let’s just try to make the most of the event, alright? We can still have fun afterwards.”

The Ravenclaw had glanced up at him, a thankful smile on his face as the Hufflepuff helped him up to his feet and pulling him towards his cabinet.

“Now, let’s make you look suited for the night!”

“George!!” A strong Irish accent had called out to the male, “Over here!!”

George was walking towards the busy entrance of the hall when his attention was called over. He was wearing a navy-blue robe over a white collared shirt, and an icy blue bowtie. He had his precious handmade leather goggles propped on his head; Karl having helped styling his hair to make it seem less of a bird's nest.

Smiling as he finally took note of where his acquaintance was, he bounded over to Minx. "Hey, I wasn't too late, was I?"

She giggles whilst looping her arm around his. Her dress was of a shade of purple, shimmering with every particle of glitter on the fabric whilst lined with layers of black frills. There were also spheres of gold that adorned certain parts of the dress. "The others had just entered the room. You're right on time." Brown eyes looked up and down at his form, "Quite a lot of blue, don't you think?"

He sheepishly laughs, feeling a bit awkward. "It's the only other color I see, aside from yellow."

The British female raised her eyebrows in surprise, obtaining a fact that she did not know about George. Judging from that reaction alone lets the Ravenclaw know that she had been asking around for information about him.

They both take their places alongside the two other pairs as the Grand Hall's doors began to slowly open. They were at the first of the line, so they ended up walking in first.

George wasn't used to having a lot of attention on himself, unless it was him teaching in Potions or participating in a Bee of some sort. He lowered his head, attempting to maintain a smile on his face as many other people clapped as they strode down the pathway.

The Ravenclaw had managed to take a glimpse of his two other friends the moment he raised his head up, the genuine confusion evident on Sapnap's face making him feel guilty for not speaking to him. He shakes his head at him once they make eye contact before focusing on the direction they were both walking to.

As they stood in position, George takes a glance at the pair that followed them and *felt his heart sink*.

He sees Dream and Wilbur, standing next to each other hand-in-hand sending smiles to everyone in the room.

George fumes, his eyebrows furrowed together in both anger and confusion. Okay, *first* of all, of *all* people, he would *rather* ask the person who hates his guts 100% instead of the *idiot*, that is his friend, who is *utterly* head over heels for him? And *secondly*, Dream would *NEVER* wear white! He'd much rather take control of the steps, of the floor even, than to willingly listen to someone, let alone the person being *Wilbur Soot*!

But here they are, Dream wearing white robes over a black collared shirt paired with a white bowtie with black gloves, whereas Wilbur was the opposite; wearing black robes over a white collared shirt with a black bowtie to top it off, having white gloves conceal his hands.

George then takes note of Bad and Niki coming into place, her pale blue dress pairing cutely with the Hufflepuff's pastel yellow robes, signifying their respective schools. He'd really love to coo at how they match, but that's being pushed to the back of his head by the amount of *jealousy* piling into his beating chest.

The maestro then began the music, the orchestra on the stage following every wave of the baton in his hands, and the three pairs began to dance.

With every twist and turn, George tried to catch a glance at the pair next to them. Sometimes, it causes him to stumble over his steps. He ended up stomping on Minx's foot as he was distracted.

Audibly, the female in front of him was irked. "*George!* You stepped on my foot!"

"Sorry," He mumbles, not even batting an eye at her as his eyes were stuck on the two Slytherins.

He genuinely felt bad for hurting her, he really did, but he just can't help but feel extremely upset. He'd rather be in those pair of arms, laughing together because they just really have *no idea* as to how dancing works, so they just do what they think is best. George would *actually* be having the time of his life, but instead he's here having to hold a stranger in his arms.

He's here, having to watch the light of his life dance with somebody else, somebody who *isn't even as close to him as he is*. He's here, having to watch smiles and laughter mirror each other as they fumble over certain steps that they've practice, sometimes stepping the wrong way or over-twirling. He's here, having to watch them *genuinely have fun without him*.

Jealousy doesn't suit you well, George, Karl reminded him during the times he'd be feeling the

exact same way when it came to other people flirting with the Slytherin. *It doesn't suit anyone.*

"I'm right *here*, George." Minx grumbled, and for the first time since the ball started, he complied and shifted his attention to her.

With pain blooming in his chest, he smiled as his eyebrows were turned upward. "I apologize, I'll focus now."

The purple-haired female seemed unconvinced as he twirled her around, the smile maintained on his face with no struggle. She didn't dare to speak up about it, but she was aware that the smile was only there for her to not feel guilty for not being the company he had desired.

George glanced around the room, his head resting on his arms on top of the table.

Sapnap and Karl had offered him a dance, to shake off the negativity in his head, but the brunet had passed it up. He didn't want to get in between the two just because he was in a pissy mood.

His partner was nowhere near him. Minx had bounded over to one of her opponents, Niki, dancing with her as the music had changed from a soft ballad to a more rock-ish genre. All his other schoolmates were busy on the dancefloor, having the time of their lives as they all intermingled with each other.

He ducked his head into his arms, covering his view and hearing the music blast into his ears. The brunet then heard the noise of a chair creaking right beside him, feeling a presence leaning into his space. "Hey," He whispered.

Looking up with a tired glance to be met with dark yellow eyes, "Hey, yourself." He replied as he cringed at how drained he sounded.

"You okay?" Dream asked, leaning back to look around. "Your date's not around."

"She isn't my date," George countered curtly, "She's seeing someone else."

The Slytherin can tell that he was upset, and why wouldn't he be? He was dancing with someone else that *wasn't* him. He's sure George wanted to be with someone familiar in situations like these and he felt bad for not being able to be there with him.

Dream blamed it on his fair share of jealousy, watching the situation unfold before him as he had just entered the hall when his rival had declared them to be partners for the ball. The blond had ended up moping the entire day in the common room and it was to the point where his housemate was bothered.

"Normally, I'd be here, dancing happily at how you won't be bothering my non-biological little brother," He remembers the way Wilbur had approached him that afternoon, *"But seeing you like this is just depressing, man."*

He had only agreed to be each other's partner if: 1. Dream was to be the one who'd wear the white robes, not him. (Wilbur's reason being that he's the one who knows how to dance.) and 2. Wilbur being able to ditch right after, as he wanted to play games with Techno and his other friends.

Their practices together helped Dream learn more about his housemate, actually. Wilbur knew quite a lot about Ballroom dancing, due to the fact that he had been close with George's family that the other's sister had dragged him along to her lessons. He sees that the light-haired male had thought highly of George, proud of how he had been coming out of his bubble more often and no longer only sticking to his side.

"I miss it when he'd search for me in corridors, clinging to my robes immediately once he spotted me," Wilbur reminisces, a rare smile on his face as the blond drank his water. *"But he was scared. I'd much prefer the George now, who smiles around a lot of people who he considers as a friend, rather than the George then, whose fear and skepticism kept him away from his happiness."*

And during their last practice before the event, the last few words Wilbur had exchanged with him had left him stunned before they made their way back to their own beds.

"As much as I hate to admit it, you're a good influence on him, Dream. Thank you, for being there for him when I can't."

He had meant for this to be a good night, *great* even. It was only that the world thought it would be alright to play a cruel joke and shift some circumstances between the two of them.

Sucking it up, he decides to appeal to the older male.

“I know you’re upset with me,” Dream started, and George began to lift his head up. “But I know how I can make it up to you.”

Intrigued, George attempts to shove the negativity away from his system. “Oh, yeah?”

He takes his time to let the sight in front of him sink in. Dream had stripped of his white robe, leaving the black collared shirt on. The buttons near his neck were not fastened and his tie was slightly loosened. George’s heart soared, dark shades really suited Dream best.

Grinning, he offers his gloved hand to the brunet, “Allow me to show you.”

The Ravenclaw pretended to be in thought for a bit, before accepting it.

“You won’t regret this,” Dream’s smile widened as he carried on to leading the other male out of the busy confines of the room. He’s sure Karl and Sappap won’t mind them disappearing for a while, along with the idea of the latter being the one to retrieve his robe.

Giggles coming from the two echoed as they bounded out into the corridors, knowing full well where the both of them were heading to. George’s hold on the younger male’s hand was not only making his heart flutter, but his night even better than it was.

Just these moments between them two were enough to make up for anything bad that happened to him.

They laughed as they climbed up the stairs that led to the empty Astronomy Tower, the cold atmosphere combined with the beautiful view of the starry night sky rendering the two breathless the moment they stood still.

Dream was the first to step forward. He walked in front of the brunet, puffs of smoke appearing as

he laughed, bowing before him with his hand outstretched once more.

“May I ask to have a dance with you, fine sir?”

George was thankful for the cold temperature as it masked his blush well when he understood the glint in his eyes. “You may,” He giggled as he laid his hand on Dream’s clothed one.

He was then pulled closer to him; into the first position they had learned during dance practice in preparation for the ball. Their chests were almost flush against each other, George’s left hand placed on his shoulder while Dream’s right hand was snug on his waist. His other hand was stretching the brunet’s right arm.

“Follow my lead,” The blond muttered, his eyes locked on brown ones. “You’re always good at that, aren’t you?”

Flustered, George rolled his eyes before slightly nodding. “Good.”

The Slytherin then took a step to his left, the shorter male mirroring his step, and began gliding from one part of the floor to another. They both continue to do simple steps, George’s eyes trained on their feet while Dream continued to watch his face.

He takes note of how his eyebrows furrow in the slightest when he’s very focused. He does the same thing when he’s studying Charms or researching a number of subjects to help his peers. He takes note of how he bites his lip when he’s getting the hang of something, almost getting to master whatever he’s learning and reaching that point of satisfaction. And, last but not least, he takes note of the fact that he wears his birthday present *everywhere*. Sappnap had told him that he had rarely ever seen him without it, and seeing him this attached to it just like now makes his heart swell in adoration for the male.

“Hey,” Dream calls out, voice barely above a whisper as he catches George’s attention. “Eyes on me, trust in me.”

And with the way George’s cheeks went redder than it already is, his heart melts when he’s met with a gaze that mimics one of a deer in headlights. He lets a soft smile form on his face as he continues to lead the two of them around the tower. All he wanted was to let the British male feel comfortable, no nerves, and just have fun.

When he thinks that they've reached that point, because the little giggles that leave George's lips and the crinkles in his eyes are a dead giveaway, the blond starts to twirl him around as they frolicked throughout the tower. The little giggles turned into laughter that was contagious to the taller of the two, beginning to give his fair share of chuckles.

They continued stepping from left to right, left to right, and then a twirl. Bubbling laughter echoing throughout the empty tower as they pirouetted all around. They both slowly started to still, catching their breath as they could only give out huffs of laughter.

Feeling both bashful and elated, George had laid his head against Dream's shoulder with the biggest grin on his face whilst wrapping his arms around his body. The Slytherin laid his head on top of his whilst returning the hug, a matching smile displayed on his lips.

George had felt as if he was on cloud nine, feeling the happiest he has ever been his entire life.

"Hey, hold on," Dream then started, pulling away from the embrace. George almost let out a complaint when he did when he was given an apologetic look. "I'm forgetting something."

He dashes over to the balcony, quickly fishing out his wand from his back as he leaned out of it. He pointed it at something, the Ravenclaw hearing the faintest *Accio* leaving his lips when a flash of green had erupted from the tip of the wand and retrieving a small item into the wizard's hand.

He then jogged back, "Here we go. Now you're prettier than ever."

The blond had placed a forget-me-not on the brunet's ear, triggering a halt in his heartbeat.

The Ravenclaw was *in love* with flowers, herbs, and meanings behind them. The forget-me-nots were not spared from his knowledge, the flower being associated with loyalty and undying love. A deeper blush had spread on his face as he tries not to act on that knowledge alone and possibly reading too much in between the lines. He mutters a quiet 'thank you', which earned him another soft smile from the male in front of him.

"Let's get you back," Dream then says, keeping him close as they made their way back to the staircase to try and keep him warm. "Wouldn't want you getting sick for the weekend, now."

And for the first time in a while, George gives into his desires and lays his head on Dream's

shoulder as they made their way to the Ravenclaw common room with a smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

if i could recall, someone wanted to see niki and minx be introduced introduced to the au ?

you got your wish !! :D

veritaserum.

Chapter by [mik mik](#)

Chapter Summary

in which george was fuming.

Chapter Notes

i totally did not purposefully forget to work on and post this chapter because i'll miss working on this au

but really tho i love this au with all my heart :[<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The tournament was finally over after a few weeks.

They had a month's break after, the other two schools still lingering about and hanging out with friends they had made throughout their stay at the castle, to *breathe*. George was grateful, having shut himself inside the Ravenclaw Common Room and not bothering to go out and meet with his friends.

He had congratulated Dream for winning the competition in the end, giving his fair share of claps before getting up and leaving.

It wasn't that he isn't proud of him for earning the trophy, it was more of the fact that he can't get rid of the sick that had settled in the pits of his stomach the moment the other male had went through the second trial.

Dream had opened up to him a few days prior, about what he heard and remembered during his dementor encounter and why he freezes around bodies of fire being casted, why he barely ever recites the *Incendio* charm and his voice in a whisper each time he does. And George was *terrified* for him. He wished that the other male didn't have to go through that, cradling him in his arms as he shook in fear.

He's never seen Dream so *small* and so *afraid*.

“I was so scared,” The blond had whispered, his head tucked into the crook of George’s neck at the time as he poured his feelings out. The Ravenclaw had tighten his grip slightly, his fingers treading through the younger male’s hair in a comforting manner. *“I thought I’d lose her. I-I thought I’d be at the fault of—”*

“Shh, Dream,” He gently hushes him, *“It’s all in the past now. Drista’s alive and well, actively hanging out and causing trouble with the Doble twins. She’s alright, and you’re the best brother she could ever ask for.”*

The younger male pulled back, bloodshot eyes staring up at brown ones, *“Really? After all that I’ve done to her, to everyone in my family?”*

“You did all that you can at the time, Dream, and sadly it had to be what you had gone through,” George had given him a small smile, *“And it was pretty brave, considering that you had done it at a very young age. It’s quite impressive, don’t you think?”*

Dream could only bury himself into his chest once more, and George returned to patting his head. *“Drista, your two other siblings, your parents, I’m sure they’re very proud at how far you’ve come, Dream. I’m sure I am.”*

Later on, the older male had decided to research and practice a way for him to get through the upcoming trial. He’s spent days and nights for him (and Dream *knows* this) just to think of a strategy that would fit the male competitor best.

The Ravenclaw had to appeal to Wilbur in order for him to teach the brunet the spell for Apparition after reaching a solution. He was told that it would be difficult, but George didn’t care, as he was willing to do anything to help his friend in need. He was a quick learner, anyway, and he prides himself in that. He had spent four days straight with Wilbur learning and mastering it as much as he could in a small amount of time.

George could then apparate 5 times before feeling iffy.

And Dream could only do it once after training him, and that itself was perfect enough. They formed a plan. They *had* a plan. And they promised that he’d follow it.

But then he had forgotten how impulsive Dream can be. And he didn’t follow through with the

plan.

George was *fuming* in his seat, his grip on his hands *deathlike* as waves of anxiety continue to wash over him endlessly as he watched the Slytherin male stumble around looking for possible solutions to take the dragon down without losing his own life first. *This is reckless*, He thought as his frown deepened. *Absolutely moronic*.

Dream had ended up summoning his broom in order to fly up, the dragon on his tail, and allowed himself to be chased around before ultimately crash-landing onto the ground with a harsh thud. Before the dragon could either burn him into a crisp or devour him whole, he had apparated away towards the direction of his goal. Too heavy to turn immediately, the dragon had rammed itself into the ground, knocking the creature out of its consciousness.

The blond had emerged out of the smoke victoriously, the golden egg in his hand. Everyone else was yelling and applauding at his bravery and for being able to finish the task and finishing in second place. George, although feeling proud that he had found his own way out of the situation, he could only clap lamely in his seat.

And that whole trial was one thing, and then came the final trial.

George didn't feel like helping, still trapped in the time where Dream had broken off their deal, so it pushed the Slytherin to seek for help from Wilbur and Skeppy instead.

Everything else from then on was blurry. The next thing he could remember was the feeling of being soaked, Dream's pale face that was directly in front of him with worry etched all over it, and Wilbur's limp body from the corner of his eye. He was notified that he was used in the very last trial, being put into an enchanted sleep and chained in the depths of the Black Lake.

He then learned that out of worry, Wilbur had jumped into the Lake without thinking and almost drowned. Dream had not only had to get the brunet out, but also had to rescue the Ravenclaw's childhood friend along the way. He was thankful that with time Dream was able to get better at handling extremely pressuring and life-threatening situations. George can see that his mask of bravery was slowly melting away and instead replacing it with genuine fearlessness.

George, currently, was just laying on the couch in the empty common room, fiddling with the golden snitch in his hand. He sets it in his palm, its mechanical wings unfolding as it began to levitate off his grasp. He follows it with his gaze. He wishes to go back to that Quidditch game, wearing the cloak of his favorite person with a painful wide grin on his face as he was given a huge display of the other male's affection towards him.

He hasn't seen his friends for a few days now, having last seen the Hufflepuff and Gryffindor couple the day before yesterday. They have noticed the amount of tension between him and the blond and have attempted to try and have them reconcile.

Karl, being somewhat closer to George, was well aware of his subtle yet strong trust issues. He doesn't admit that he has them but he shows just how much hurt he is when someone takes even the slightest advantage of his loyalty. He had stayed behind after Sapnap had retreated to the confines of the Gryffindor common room, his partner pressing a quick kiss to his crown before doing so.

"George," Karl softly muttered, the Ravenclaw's head in his lap as he runs his hands through his hair. The older of the two was currently rereading a book about different plant meanings, his deemed all-time favorite. *"You have to talk to him about this."*

And George would curtly reply, *"Who? I don't think I know what you're talking about, Jacobs."*

Frowning, Karl tugged at his hair lightly in distaste. *"Don't talk to me like that. It wounds me."*

The British male could only huff in disinterest as he sat up from his position. He grumbled an apology and closed his book, his eyes dwelling on the ragged cover, *"I didn't do anything wrong here. He's the one who screwed it all up."*

"Okay, let's say you're hypothetically right," Karl starts, testing the waters as he leaned his weight onto one hand. *"But that doesn't mean he's aware of being wrong. George, all you've been doing is leaving him in the dark about what you've been feeling. If you keep this up, all it's gonna do is complicate things even more."*

The darker-haired male stood up and patted away any dust from his pants, his silence serving as an answer. The younger had followed suit and proceeded to obtain his rucksack, slinging the strap of his bag over his head and bounding over to the door.

Before George could head back into his room, Karl grabbed both of his hands. *"George, please. I love the both of you so much. Seeing you guys avoid each other and hurting like this pains me. Please tell me you guys will be able to sort this out."*

George could only give him a pained smile, *"I know, Karl. We'll just see how it goes."*

After seeing his friend out the room, he just turned around and leaned against the door. His housemates were coming back after a few more moments, but he decided to share a few more tears to himself before tucking himself into bed that night.

George had spent yesterday and this morning taking his frustration out on things. It consisted of casting spells on items to knock them back, screaming his heart into his pillow, and reading books. He considered going out to the Hall to get food himself, but he'd decided against it and would instead ask Techno to get food for him.

"You need to go out at some point," The pig-eared male reprimanded him as he'd lend him his plate. *"You're stinking up the common room with your frustrations. I'm not one to talk about these kinds of things, and I know usually you'd go to either Skeppy or Bad to open up, but I still consider you as a friend that I care about."*

He'd thanked him as he received the plate, reassuring him that he's been thinking of going out for some fresh air later on. George felt bad for having to ask him to do some errands for him, so he also thought of using Apparition to get to the Hall without being spotted by any of the team members.

But then, he had thought against it. One, he might get his food everywhere whilst traveling, so it'll end up going everywhere. Two, Wilbur had been told that he was taught from the higher classes, so he feared that he might get his older brother figure in trouble. The tall Slytherin has gotten himself into enough trouble by himself; the British male didn't want to add more onto that.

Speaking of a troublemaker, he really wonders how both him and the blonde manage to get away with whatever they do without getting deductions from their house points. Slytherins and their silver tongues, he guesses.

It was as if that certain male would pop up next to him each time he would cross the brunet's mind. He sighed as he heard a thump echo throughout the empty common room. Sometimes, he regrets teaching him the spell, and his voice was full of sarcasm when he took note of his friend's presence, "Look what the cat dragged in."

"Well, I only have an owl," An unsure voice responded, the owner scratching the back of his head out of nervous habit. "So, it was only me who dragged myself in."

"What do you want, Dream?" George grabbed ahold of the snitch, the wings curling in as he kept it

next to him and turned his back to the Slytherin.

“...I just wanted to know how you’re doing, and maybe what I did to upset you.”

“What you *did* to upset me?” George seethed, turning around to send daggers at the blond. “Dream, we *formed* a plan. We *practiced* nonstop, with the *plan* that *we* made, to make sure we got the safest route out of your trial. We made each other *promise* to follow through.”

The Slytherin had wanted to say something in response to the small outburst his friend had made, but the Ravenclaw then sat up, cutting the male off before he could even form a single word. “But what did you do? You *broke* it. You decided that, last minute, you’d just do *something* else. Something that was *way riskier* than what we planned. My heart *stopped*, Dream. I was so scared that you wouldn’t come out of it alive.”

“But I *did* get out of it alive.”

“Yeah, sure, but what if you *didn’t?!?*” George screeched, tears forming at his eyes. “You are *so* selfish, Dream! *You can’t just base everything off of luck!?*”

He wasn’t the type of person who’d freely let himself get angry. Actually, he’d rather not let his anger out at all because all it would do was just stress him out even further, drain his energy a lot faster even. He’d rather think straight, let bygones be bygones, and solve things in a calmer manner. He really would have, but this time he just wasn’t in the state to *be* calm. He felt as if there was a bomb ticking in his chest that was about to blow up.

“I just didn’t want to lose you,” George sobbed, his voice dropping in volume and turning meek. “What is it that you just not get?”

The brunet couldn’t form anymore words due to the overwhelming amount of frustration in his system. He instead resorts to the action of cupping his face into his hands, attempting to keep his tears to himself as the other male stood silently in the room.

Dream felt guilty, but he also felt that he had to give his own input rather than staying hushed. “What if I told you that I felt the same, during the final trial?”

“What?” George inquired, his voice croaking as he peered up at him, revealing his tear-stained

face.

“I felt *exactly* the same, George.” The blond takes a cautious step forward, afraid that he might offend the male in front of him even further without meaning to.

“When the egg had told me the hint, when it suggested that something dear to me will be taken away, I was hoping that they didn’t mean you.” Dream’s voice trembles, “I wanted them to at least, maybe, take the mask that you’ve given me the first time we’ve met. Or my broom, even my owl. For *God’s sake*, I just didn’t want it to be *you*.”

The Slytherin hated crying in front of people, having preferred to keep his face of courage up until the very last minute, but he can’t stop any of the tears that were falling from his eyes. He struggles to keep his voice as even as he possibly can, “I can’t emphasize how much I felt my stomach drop when I saw you, suspended and non-responsive, in the deep waters. I willed myself not to get emotional, not to panic because I *knew* that if I did, I’d end up screwing *everything* up. I could’ve gotten you hurt; I could’ve lost Wilbur. I was losing the effects of my spell and was on the brink of drowning and I—”

He choked and covered his mouth, shutting his eyes tightly causing his flushed face to be scrunched up. The male honestly had his heart on his sleeve all the time but being outright vulnerable was very much new to him. He used his other hand to hurriedly brush away his tears.

George could only watch him, his eyes full of water as the situation sinks further in.

“You mean *way too much* to me, George. I can’t afford losing you, either.” He says, his voice uncharacteristically soft and quiet as he sees the other shedding silent tears of his own.

They had both been idiots, idiots with the biggest hearts. They both just wanted the best for each other, but they had their respective amounts of pride and had allowed it to get in their way instead of communicating their opinions openly. They let everything get to their head, and it’s blinded them to the point of almost cutting off their unique connection to each other.

Dream would’ve hated for that to happen. He’d *never* want that to happen, knowing how stubborn he himself can be. He’d give up anything for George if it meant keeping him happy and keeping them where their relationship currently is.

He makes his way towards the brunet and holds him close as he kneels down in front of him, the

smaller of the two clutching at the other's hoodie as if he were to disappear like a temporary charm at any moment now. In sudden contrast, you can hear more of George's sobbing whilst Dream had buried his face into his shoulder, breathing in the scent of dandelions and roses.

His voice muffled, Dream continues to apologize, "I'm so sorry for worrying you. And for scaring you, and for leaving you in the dark about some things, but I promise you *I'm here*. I'll *always* be here."

Forget-me-nots.

George was reminded of the time they danced underneath the stars, just the two of them.

It had been a quiet promise, he realized in that moment.

It was so *obvious*. He's read his books, done his studies, yet he *didn't pick up the meaning behind the flower quick enough*.

He was too busy being enthralled by the pair of kind eyes in front of him, the same exact pair in their current setting. The way his gentle hands had led him step by step, from guiding him from one side to the other, to softly placing the tiny blue flower on his ear.

It was true, he was well aware of the meaning itself, but he didn't think that it would be applied in that moment. That, during the whole event, Dream had assured him that he wouldn't be going anywhere. That he wouldn't be leaving him anytime soon, dead set on staying near him at all times even if it meant facing death itself.

And as if a dam came breaking down, the older male's cries grew louder as he clawed at the younger's green hoodie. "*I'm sorry*," The brunet cried, his grip around him tightening. "*I'm so sorry, for doubting you, for— for not telling you what's wrong right away, and for calling you terrible things and—*"

"*Shh*," Dream cooed, petting his head in a soothing manner as he hiccupped and sobbed, "It's okay, George. You had your own reasons as to why you've felt this way, why you ended up acting this way, and that's valid. I'm just glad that you had decided to finally open up to me."

They stayed that way until the freckled male was sure that the man in his arms had calmed down.

When Dream had attempted to pull back from the embrace in order to shift their position into a more comfortable one after deeming it was okay to do so, George had begun to tighten his hold on him in fear that he'd be going away so soon.

"Hey, it's alright, Georgie," The Slytherin chuckled, placing a kiss on the side of his head, "I just want to hold you properly. Trust me, please?"

Wordlessly, the brunet had loosened his grip on his hoodie, allowing the blond to move freely. He stood up and scooped the other male in his arms, heading to his bed. They both lay on the mattress, with Dream pulling the sheets over themselves.

(A thought comes to mind, *Do friends do these? Kiss each other on the head, and cuddle with each other, holding each other close?* Dream shakes his head; it wasn't the right time to think with his heart in this situation. George's health first, complicated feelings later.)

"Do you think your housemates would mind if a Slytherin stays here for the night?" The blond starts, glancing down at the tired male beside him.

He shakes his head, "I'm sure Skeppy's got my back. He always does."

Dream hums as a response, glancing at the table next to the bed. He spots the book he's been reading the past few days now whilst releasing a soft chuckle, "George, you're reading that book *again?*"

Pouting, George furrows his eyebrows. "It's my *favorite*, okay?"

"I know, I know," The freckled male smiles as he reaches out to obtain the book, "What plant were you on this time?"

"Uhm," George mumbles, rubbing at his eyes, "Camellias, I think? I can't exactly remember."

Dream hums in amusement as he opened the book at his most recent bookmark, skimming through the many definitions of the Camellia flower. He glances up to see many blue and green page markers that are scattered around the top of the book and at the sides of it, "What are these for, George?"

Immediately perking up at that question, George immediately yanks the book from his hands, “Don’t look at those!”

“Woah! Calm down, I was just asking!” Amused, Dream grins down at him. “So, what were those for?”

The Ravenclaw scrunches his eyebrows, before calming down. He guessed it was okay to tell him *some* things...

He slowly opens the book and showed the blond a page that had quite a number of markers, seeming to be in an irregular pattern. He reads the different flora that were marked green: *Ferns*, *Forget-Me-Nots*, *Gardenias*, *Geraniums*, *Heathers*. Wanting to go back to the definitions later, the younger male glances at those that were marked blue: *Acacia Blossoms*, *Bluebells*, *Hyacinths*, *Hydrangeas*.

When Dream was about to look at the meanings behind them, George shuts the book. “*George!*”

“That’s enough for the night!” George declares, his face red as he chucks away the book. He tackles the younger male when he tries to get up in order to snatch the book again.

They both continue to playfully wrestle each other, giggles echoing throughout the room. The short round of play-fighting had ended when Dream had pulled George into an almost bone-crushing hug.

“Dream, let me go!”

“No!”

The laughter slowly subsided when the exhaustion began to set in for the Ravenclaw, melting into the embrace. A smile on his face, he asks with a muffled voice, “You won’t be leaving anytime soon, right?”

“Not until you wake up,” The freckled male promised, his heart feeling full at how comfortable the person in his arms seemed to be.

“Good,” George mumbled, burying his face even further into the blond’s hoodie whilst wrapping his arms around him. The scent of sandalwood and sage floods his nose, and he couldn’t bring himself to prevent the smile of contentment from forming on his face. It was his favorite smell, reminding him of safety. “You better be in the same place when I open my eyes.”

As he succumbed to the reigns of slumber, Dream had planted a kiss into his hair for the nth time that day. “You have my word.”

He puts them in a more comfortable position, George being on the left side of the bed. The Slytherin brushes his brown hair away from his eyes. He hadn’t realized how long it had grown, but it frames his face prettily. He hopes he doesn’t get it trimmed any time soon.

Dream glances a bit further down; George has long eyelashes. It goes without saying: George was one of the prettiest Ravenclaws in their batch. That’s why it was very common for him to be bombarded with love letters, and sometimes, foods and drinks that were sprinkled with varying Love Potions. From the faintest sunspots that had dusted the bridge of his nose to the pair of pink lips that could form the cutest smiles he has ever seen; he really was a sight for sore eyes.

He cups the pale boy’s face. It was weird, really, for him to be thinking these kinds of things about his closest friend. But, at the same time, it wasn’t. He adored the male, having felt butterflies for him ever since 3rd year had started.

He didn’t actually make an effort to hide any gesture of affection towards the male, always wanting to hold his hand or to send him at least 10 compliments in one sentence. Let’s not forget the extent he had gone to just to help him see colors. Dream would honestly do anything for George, even if it had meant going to the moon and getting stranded on it.

What was holding him back was his respect for the older male’s boundaries. He knew that there were times where he had felt overwhelmed or uncomfortable by the actions the blond had displayed, and immediately had backed off. He’d only go all out on something if George was willing to go all out on it as well.

George shifts in his sleep, a soft pout on his lips as he leans into Dream’s palm. The adorable sight sets the Slytherin’s heart ablaze, even more so when the pout had slowly formed into a smile.

He thinks back to their usual banter, and how it’s quite true. He genuinely *is* George’s idiot.

His eyes begin to fall shut, drained from everything they had dealt with earlier that day, and he wraps his arms securely around the Ravenclaw's petite frame. Part of him wanted to fight and stay awake, since he didn't want to have to let go of this sight so quickly.

He still wanted to see this side of George; one where he isn't stressed or having his walls up. Completely relaxed, comfortable, vulnerable. Dream wanted to think that this side was only for his eyes.

But, alas, even he has his own limits to his energy. Planting one final kiss on the brunet's forehead as a goodnight, he allows himself to doze off next to the male who had hung the moon and the stars for him.

The blond could only wish that the Ravenclaw would have pleasant dreams in his sleep, but he wouldn't mind having to fend off nightmares if it meant for him to rest peacefully. Dream was sure that the past few weeks were extremely tense for him, so George having as much sleep as he can was highly preferable.

(Later into the night, a whisper of three words can be heard throughout the empty common room.)

Chapter End Notes

a a a aa a a a second to the last chapter. a a a a A A A

honestly i never wouldve thought we'd actually come this far with this work. i actually thought we'd just plan this for fun and end up not working on it at all like we always do. but seeing you guys actually enjoy our ideas that we brainstormed for a long while now, it was worth it.

you guys make us so happy. :]

WHY DO I SOUND LIKE IM MAKING A GOODBYE MESSAGE IM STILL
GONNA BE HERE WRITING MORE DNF FICS JFDSJFJD

anyways i'll also leave the flower meanings to be searched by you guys !! ily all <3

We Follow The Pull Of Fate To This Moment

Chapter by [Serene Serendipity](#)

Chapter Summary

In which years of misunderstandings and pining finally come to a close.

Chapter Notes

THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER FOR THE MAIN STORY! THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR BEING WITH US ON THIS WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

ENJOY!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A stream of wispy bright light emerges from his wand, circling softly in front of him for a few seconds before flickering, disintegrating moments later.

Another Incorporal Patronous.

Another failed attempt, the Slytherin sighs, Will I ever get to conjure a Corporal one before the week is done?

He wants to master it.

No,

He needs to.

What would happen if a dementor manages to slip in the castle's wards again?

Who would protect his little sister?

Who would protect George?

Dream shakes his head, clearing the thought from his mind. He paces, focusing on recounting all the memories he has made throughout his six years of study to find the one that made him feel the happiest he's ever been.

A challenge for a person who, even having experienced numerous low points in his life, still manages to find joy in the littlest of things and is surrounded by people that radiate the same air of positivity and happiness.

He remembers being ecstatic when Drista got her acceptance letter and subsequently, sorted into Slytherin as well.

That, however, came with the drawback of his sister always annoying him when she had the chance. Asking him to help her with her homework when he's doing his own or sneaking the twins into the Slytherin common room so they can bother him too.

While he loves his sister dearly, he doubts that his memory of her is enough to summon a Corporeal Patronus.

He could try and use the time George had put Wilbur in his place when the other Slytherin got too protective of Dream's best friend despite the boy belonging in a different house.

He remembers the normally avoidant Ravenclaw stepping in front of him, shouting at the older brunet to back off and leave them alone or else he will cut off all contact with him.

The shocked look on Wilbur's face was hilarious and, not for the first time, he had wished that muggle devices could work within Hogwarts so that he could have taken a picture of his priceless reaction.

Looking back on it, he also remembers being taunted by the other Slytherins in his year for his blood status before the encounter with Wilbur. Thankfully, George had found him before it got out of hand. The older boy had come up to him, grabbed his arm, and took him away, but not before chastising the bullies about their outdated mindset.

Safe to say, while a happy memory at first glance, he just knows that that day just had too many negative connotations mixed into it to be able to conjure his Patronus' full form.

Since he was alone in the common room - the other years were still in class, while majority of the seventh are scattered throughout the grounds to find the perfect place to study for their upcoming exams - he sits on the floor. Uncaring of proper decorum since there are no pure-blooded snobs to tell him off. He rests his back on the lower part of the sofa, frustrated from his lack of significant progress.

Dream looks out to one of the floor-to-ceiling windows. His eyes glazing over slightly when the glint of the waters' surface suddenly takes him back to the day where, all students, of all years, were given a rare break in their schedule.

Majority of his closest friends – sister included - had agreed to meet up near the great lake so all of them can hang out. A rare occasion due to conflicting schedules and year differences between some of them.

He remembers the way the sun had shined upon his skin, wind ruffling his hair as the waters of the great lake lapped against his bare leg.

He remembers the way Drista, along with Tubbo, bickered with Tommy while playing exploding snap under the shade of a large oak tree. Wilbur, the large manchild that he is, joined in on their bickering from time to time. Beside the noisy children, Bad and Skeppy were leaning against each other. The latter resting his head against Bad's shoulder as the former catches up on some schoolwork.

With him, on the lake's shore, his own friend group had taken it upon themselves to get each other as drenched as possible. Karl had tapped out early and was resting on the bank, hair a darker brown instead of its usual lighter shade. His uniform had stuck to him uncomfortably, his eyes closed and an arm thrown across his head as he struggled to regain his breath. Sapnap and George, on the other hand, had still been going at it.

Tired of being inadvertently splashed with water, Dream had casted a quick 'Aguamenti' that proceeded to drench both the boys.

Their exaggerated gasps of shock had drawn everyone's attention towards them. It was quiet for a while. Everyone just staring with either surprise or bewilderment in their eyes.

Until one of them let out a loud snort.

And, like a dam breaking, everyone bursts into laughter.

Dream remembers how everything felt like it had settled into place and how his cheeks flushed with happiness at hearing everybody having fun together.

He tries to recapture the way his whole body tingled with happiness that day as he phases back to the current time, standing up and readying his wand.

“Expecto Patronum!”

The telltale bluish-white, wispy light of the spell came out much steadier this time.

“HA!” The blond shouts in triumph. The light was forming a more definitive shape. If he looks closely, he thinks he can see a creature with four legs forming.

Dream thinks this could be it. Maybe, he could finally see his Patronus’ corporal form.

He shouldn’t have been too cocky.

Just as the Slytherin thinks he can identify what creature his Patronus is, the light pulses, dims significantly then dispels once more.

Dream stares in shock.

It was right there! I HAD IT! He silently gestures to the spot where he almost formed his Corporal Patronus.

Dream growls and muses his hair in frustration.

“Why is this so hard?!”

“It’s because you suck Dream.”

Dream whips his head towards the direction of the voice. Blue and bronze standing out of place against the overwhelming sea of various green and silver tones. He is underneath the arch leading to the entry way, wand pointed towards the stack of books currently levitating beside him.

“George!”

Said boy raises his eyebrow at him, questioning.

Dream almost takes a step towards the Ravenclaw to help him deposit the heavy books somewhere but then stops when he realizes.

Oh yeah, magic.

The blond glances away in slight embarrassment, hoping George didn’t notice his slip up.

“So...what are you doing here?”

Luckily, George is oblivious to his dilemma. Gracefully levitating the stack down, the other boy walks over to the leather sofas, plopping himself beside the books.

“You asked me to help you study for the upcoming NEWTs remember?” The shorter boy gives him a look. Crossing his arms, leaning back and raising his eyebrow at him again.

“Yeah... I kinda forgot about that...” Dream smiles sheepishly, awkwardly scratching his neck.

Closing his eyes, the brunet tsks at him in an overdramatic manner while shaking his head.

“Don’t *tsk* at me George”

He gapes at Dream, eyes snapping open.

The Ravenclaw blinks his eyes disbelievingly. “Here I am, trying to help my best friend pass our NEWTs, and *he’s* the one complaining even though *I* took the time out of my day to help him” George shuts his eyes again, pointedly turning his face away him. “I don’t feel like helping you anymore.”

“*WHAT?!* Come on George, you *promised*.” Dream whines.

George hums thoughtfully, “I don’t know Dream...” Shaking his head, he pretends to mull the decision over even though the Slytherin knows he’s already made up his mind. “You were being a bit mean to me”

“Oh my god *George!*” He rolls his eyes, sighing exasperatedly. “You’re such a brat!”

“And you called me a brat as well? You’re not really making a good case for yourself here, Dream.”

“Oh come on,” He groans. “Look, I’ll apologize okay? just help me study. I’m *begging* here” The younger tilts his head, trying his best to sway George with his puppy dog eyes.

“I’ll think about it.”

“George!”

“So... what were you doing before I came here?” The Ravenclaw masterfully changes the topic.

“Will you promise to help me study if I tell you?” The blond looks at the boy sitting on the couch with an inquiring eye.

“Ugh... *fine*.” George rolls his eyes

“I was trying to conjure a fully Corporal Patronus”

George sputters, his eyebrows reaching his hairline. “*Fully corporal?! Dream, just conjuring an Incorporal is good enough for our level, why do you need to conjure a Corporal one?*”

“Why not?”

The older looks at him incredulously, “No way you just answered why not.”

Dream hesitates, feeling that his reason was too personal to say. Should he say the truth or make something up? Lying seems like the way to go but then he realizes that even if he tried, he couldn't lie to George. Not because George knows how his lying voice sounds, but because George doesn't deserve to be kept in the dark.

“It's so I can protect you guys better.” He mumbles weakly, hoping George doesn't pick up on what he said so he can just brush it off.

Unfortunately, George heard him. “Protecting? Us? You're being a bit unclear Dream.”

“It just worries me that, maybe, by some random chance, we get stuck in a similar situation like back in sixth year.” Dream starts to fidgets in place. Feeling more vulnerable by the second and hating it with every inch of his body. Even though he's always worn his heart on his sleeve, somehow this moment feels different. There is no place for scrutiny between him and George, but he can't help that tiny portion of his being that wants to look cool, reliable and dependable in front of the person he admires.

“I fended off that Dementor you know?”

“I do! But- It's just... what if you didn't have your wand at the time and I was the only one around who could help you? If it comes to that, then what? I'd just stand there looking at you helplessly while the Dementor sucks your very soul out of your body?” He shudders at the wave of memories rushing back to his mind. Having experienced it himself, he can say it's an unpleasant experience at

the very least.

The Slytherin turns to look at his friend, negativity clouding his thoughts and screwing up his emotions. "I can't do that George. I need the reassurance that, should it ever happen- and I hope it never comes to that- I would be able to protect you." He rambles, letting the words out before he even has a chance to understand what he's said.

Once he has, he lamely tries to add. "-And the others."

Nice save there, Dream. A voice that weirdly sounds like Sapnap chastises him.

George stands up and cups his face, forcing the taller boy to look at him straight in the eye.

The older boy tilts head slightly to the side. Gently thumbing his cheeks, gaze soft while looking at him with an odd mix of pride, pity and something he would rather not identify at the moment lest he be let down.

"You don't always have to protect us, Dream," George says softly to the other boy. He pulls him closer by the neck, their foreheads lightly bumping against each other's. The Slytherin stands still, a small gasp escaping his parted lips. The uncharacteristic physical affection coming from the Ravenclaw making his emotions go haywire and sending him to shocked state.

"We know it's in your nature. To protect, to care and to provide. We can see it in the way you care for the kids. No matter how exasperated you get, you always make sure to entertain them. We can see it in the way you care for Sapnap, for Bad, for Karl and the others."

George takes a brief pause for a breather. When he opens his mouth to speak, his voice is oh so tender. Soft. Gentle. And dare he say it-

Loving.

The sound pierces through Dream, making him feel raw from the inside and out.

"I can see it in the way you care for me. How you always make yourself available anytime that I

need you. Taking the time to teach me even when you're busy. Making sure I'm always okay, and when I'm not, going out of your way to take care of me even when you don't have to."

His mind briefly flashes to a memory from the year before. Dream meets his friend's eyes, his own gathering tears as he sees the fondness and warmth and appreciation swimming in those familiar pools of mahogany that have been a constant in his life for so long, that he can't conjure up a scenario where he doesn't see them every day.

While an increasing number of thoughts run through his mind, George continues on. Not knowing how his words are basically hitting every single one of Dream's long standing, well buried, insecurities.

"You spend so much time catering to the needs of others that you're subconsciously neglecting your own well-being. People have been holding you to such a high standard too, that you're starting to slowly lose yourself in it. Not in an ego way, but in the way that you're starting to forget that you're human just like the rest of us. And that you are allowed to make mistakes, to stumble and cry about petty things. You're slowly forgetting that you're allowed to be someone else other than Quidditch star, prodigal student, always optimistic and giving Dream."

Warm pads still continue to caress his cheeks. His vision slowly getting blurrier with each word that struck his heart.

"With us, you never have to be so picture perfect." A small chuckle escapes the Ravenclaw's lips. "It's making us look a bit bad in all honesty."

Dream lets out a watery huff of amusement.

George's eyes sparkle in slight happiness, giving him a small smile before his features slip back to their previous state. "But joking aside, we don't care if you want to take more time for yourself, or if you start being a bit more 'selfish', as long as you are content with what you are doing and you are not harming anyone and yourself, then we'll follow you wherever."

"You are not alone in this, and you will never be as long as I'm here."

The Slytherin lowers his head, staring blankly at the floor and tries to grasp what his best friend – crush? Something more but never anything else? He doesn't even know anymore at this point- had said to him. He lightly places his own hands on top of the ones that are currently comforting him.

His vision getting blurry from the tears threatening to overflow from his eyes and the conflicting feelings brewing in his heart.

A lot of people have always looked up to him, a muggle-born Slytherin. A rare thing in it of itself. It certainly doesn't help that he is one of most talented kids in his year. Being proficient in Charms, Transfiguration and Quidditch.

He's always been given high expectations. Even before he attended Hogwarts. Always having to act like the perfect son. Being a role model for his younger siblings, being the obedient child for his parents and older sister.

It's tiring, but his own hatred of letting people down, mixed with his desire to always aim for the stars don't allow him to take things easy.

But its not like he totally hates it.

He loves helping other people. Seeing them smile because of something that he did makes him happy. He appreciates being seen as a role model to the younger years too. Hell, he even likes studying no matter how many times he moans and bitches about it.

He starts to hate it people immediately expect him to be proficient at something just because he's "Dream".

He can't make mistakes or else he'd be seen as a failure.

He can't take the easy way out or else he's be seen as a weakling.

Everything has to be perfect. Precise. Not a bit out of place.

It's hard.

He knows he's not alone, that he has people he can count on, but it's easier to be alone.

No fulfilling high expectations. No failing them either.

He's so used to being alone, he forgets what it feels like to let his walls down and to trust that when he, inevitably, falls, someone will be there to catch him.

Dream can't take it anymore. So many thoughts. So fast, so little time.

His ears are ringing and feels like it's underwater.

"It's okay, Dream." A soft voice pierces through his quickly spiraling state. "You never have to be afraid about being you in front of me." Soft but calloused fingers making their way across his shoulders instead. One hand guiding his head to rest on the crook of someone's neck.

The hands continue their movement upwards, proceeding to tangle their fingers through his blond strands. A feather-light kiss was placed on his temple as fingers rhythmically comb through his hair.

"I'm here. I'm here with you, Dream."

It was spoken with so much care, so much affection, that he didn't know what else to do.

But he does know one thing.

This voice belongs to the person he trusts the most.

The person he trusts to never judge him for being imperfect.

The one who will be there to help Dream piece himself back together when he breaks.

Allowing himself to *finally* take off the mask he has been keeping up for so long, he sags into the warmth. He throws his arms around the other person, burrowing his face on their neck and he squeezes them tightly.

The tears he had been holding back for so long finally escaping his eyes, shoulders shaking and small sniffles accompanying them.

The other pair of arms hugs back even tighter. The familiar voice muttering words of praise and comfort while slowly swaying in place.

It feels good to finally release all of his pent-up emotions without the fear of judgement or disgust. He knows he will be taken care of, that this person in front of him will catch him anytime he falls and help him back to his feet.

He doesn't how long they've stood there, just gently swaying to an invisible melody. It could've been hours, realistically a few minutes, but soon enough, the tears stop running.

Inhaling the familiar scent of dandelions, chocolate raisins and something unidentifiable but unmistakably *George* slowly clears his head, pulling him back to the present.

Dream doesn't remove his face from George's neck though, simply loosening his hold on him and placing his hands on the other boy's hips instead.

"Hey, Dream" The brunet cooed softly, still playing with his hair but had stopped his swaying. "Are you feeling a bit better now?"

Dream nods, face rubbing against the cotton scarf and something smooth.

Leather?

Pulling back slightly in shock, mostly out of curiosity, he confirms to himself that it is, indeed, leather. Specifically, the leather strap of the goggles he gave George for his birthday.

His heart jumps at seeing George wearing it. He basically hasn't removed it from his person ever since he got it – except on some rare occasions. Bringing the bulky goggles everywhere he goes and using it for almost everything.

From finally seeing the colours of the potions he's brewing without any outside help, to just enjoying seeing objects in their original tones, there is no mistaking that the older boy absolutely loves his gift.

The rush of blood to his face made it tingle with warmth. Like tiny sparks filled with happiness. Cheeks flushing red and noise muffling his hearing as his pulse quicken at the vivid memory triggered by the goggles.

They had just gotten out of class and he had struggled to keep up with George. The other boy basically flying towards the place he had decided he wanted to see accurately today. The sunset on the horizon had casted long silhouettes as they slowed down and approached a field of flowers located near the great lake.

George had his goggles hanging around his neck, looking for a perfect spot before he wears it.

After a few minutes of trapezing around looking for the spot, The other boy had finally settled on what looked like the center of the meadow.

Dream carefully extracts himself from George, making the other boy hum in question. He wipes the tears from his eyes and picks up his dropped wand, readying it once more. The brunet's concerned voice calls to him but he ignores it in favour of trying again.

He feels like he can do it now.

No

He knows he can.

He bounces on the spot and readied his goggles but suddenly hesitated.

“What’s wrong?” Dream tilted his head in curiosity.

“I don’t know, I suddenly got nervous...” George bit his lip.

“If it makes you feel any better, I’ll be the first thing you see?” He tried to encourage him but it only backfired, with the shorter boy looking away and turning his back to him to look at the flowers instead. Dream thinks he might have seen his cheeks tinged red but that may be the orange hue of the setting sun messing up his perception.

He saw him took a deep inhale and proceeded to quickly snap the goggles on his eyes.

It was quiet for a few minutes before he heard a gasp. The blond tried to peer around to see the brunets face, but he can only catch glimpses of his reaction as George took in his surroundings.

“The sky! It so much brighter and vibrant”

A gasp “Look at the flowers Dream! The colour of the stems are so much darker than I was expecting.”

He calls back to that sunny afternoon.

George had looked too cute describing the differences between what he normally sees versus how things actually are, that Dream couldn’t help but tease him.

“What about me George?” He whines petulantly at him. “Look at meeee!”

He had expected George turn around, close his eyes and stick his tongue out to annoy him but to his surprise, when George looked back at him, he just stood there, and stared. Unmoving.

Suddenly feeling shy, Dream ducked his head and looked away. Going back on his request and told George to stop looking at him.

However, George seemed to not have heard anything and just continued staring at Dream. Slowly walking closer to him, he stopped a metre away and raised the dandelion he had picked earlier in front of the Slytherin.

He takes a deep breath.

Dream was weirded out by what the brunet was doing and felt even more weirded out when the other boy kept lifting his goggles only to place them back on again, doing this repeatedly while moving the flower in front of his face then away again.

“What are you doing George?” He laughs at his friend’s antics, obviously amused and slightly endeared.

George finally stops whatever he was doing and had rested his goggles above his head. The taller boy notices his eyes are shiny.

“Woah! Are you okay, George?” He laughs, but Dream had not been able to contain the concern in his voice.

For some reason, his concern had only elicited a wet laugh from the brunet, body thrown back and wiping the few tears that escaped his eyes. George had stepped closer to him and placed the dandelion behind his ear.

To say Dream’s brain was slowly losing it function was understatement, it was more mush than anything at this point and George had not even delivered the final blow.

The boy had the audacity to let out a smile that could’ve rivaled the setting sun behind him and spoke with a voice that held more emotion than he knew how to deal with.

His mind is focused.

“Your eyes Dream,” He had held Dream’s cheeks tenderly and had stared at him with such intimacy that it almost gave him hope. Hope that George may return the feelings currently threatening to burst out his body, similar to the way the vibrant flowers on this very field had bloomed. Colourful, lovely and sweet.

His heart is full.

“They’re green.”

“Expecto Patronum!”

Green should’ve just been a colour. The colour of Dream’s house. The grass rustling on the field that day. The colour of the leaves on almost every tree existence.

Green was everywhere.

It was common.

So why did the way George say it make it seem like it’s one of a kind?

“Dream!”

His eyes snap open – he doesn’t even know when he had closed them- at the alarm in his friend’s voice.

“You’re doing it,” George says with glee “Look!”

Dream’s eyes follow the physical manifestation of his happiest memory. His eyes widening in wonder as he takes in the majestic beast standing in front of him.

His Patronus stands proud the center of the room, sturdy, medium horns branching out on either side of its head, coat a shiny, sapphire blue shade with its tail possessing a white underside. They grounded their hoof at the surface beneath them, graceful and strong, and looks at him with kind but determined eyes.

“I did it...” He whispers disbelievingly, staring back at the ice blue, *solid* stag.

“You did it Dream!” George beams at him, eyes twinkling with pride.

“*LET’S GO!!*” Dream approaches George. Arms wide open and scoops him up.

“Dream? DREAM!” The smaller boy squeals with delight and fear as he spins them around, Dream’s Patronus circling with them.

“I finally did it, George!” His mouth turns up in elation.

“Yes, you did Dream! You did it,” The other boy screams breathlessly, panic mixing with his genuine happiness “But can you put me down! *Please!* I’m starting to get dizzy.”

Looking up to see his best friend smiling down at him was an image that will forever be seared into the back of his mind. Deciding to be a good person for once, he slows down to a stop and gently settles George back on his feet.

The brunet wobbles unsteadily before he tumbles down on the sofa, eyes wild with wonder and lips set in a beaming smile.

Dream feels a bit guilty but is distracted when he sees the stag shift from the corner of his eye and move towards George.

The deer stops in front of the slightly dizzy boy, pausing for a bit before deciding to booping George's head.

It was hilarious to see the boy jump up in shock as his Patronus tries to comfort him. Trying to nuzzle and lick the other boy, clearly unaware that even though it's corporal, anything that it touches passes through it.

It becomes adorable when George recovers from his initial shock and giggles softly at the stag's antics.

"Oh my god, why is it doing that?"

Dream's face flushes when he's reminded of the fact that Patronuses are instinctively drawn to the people present within the memory that created them.

He just hopes that George doesn't remember that.

While he has acknowledged the feelings he has for his best friend for a long time now, he doesn't want the boy to have any hints of its existence. If - and that's a big if - he ever confesses, he knows their friendship would survive but it would never be the same. George would either distance himself from him to let him get over his feelings or he wouldn't know how to act.

And that's one of the things he's most afraid of.

Watching George slowly turn from the person he trusts the most to a ghost. Flitting in and out of his vision without so much as a hello and only a glance to signify that he knew Dream still existed.

If that outcome can be avoided, why do the thing that makes it happen?

The heavy train of thought has made his Patronus slowly lose its light, making it vanish once more.

"Aw... It's gone" George sadly mutters, hand dropping from where he was previously stroking the

stag's snout.

"Sorry, I lost focus." He lies.

"It's fine," The older boy waves him off, resting his head against the back of the couch. "It was cute while it lasted."

"Kinda wish I could summon a Corporal Patronus too..." He trails off wistfully.

That lit up a light bulb in Dream's head. "Let's do it."

"What?"

"Let's go."

"Dream," George starts. "You know yourself it's not that easy."

Dream wasn't having any of it though. The adrenaline from the successful conjuration came back to him in full force. He becomes giddy at the fact that he might get to see what George's Patronus is. Possibly being the first person to do so - technically second since George is also here – makes him even more determined to help George.

"That was before I knew what memory triggered it."

"I don't know Dream..." George face twists with skepticism.

"You don't have to be able to cast it today," Dream reassures him. "I'll just give you tips and you try to do them yourself and see if it works for you." Dream. compromises.

"Come on," He lightly coaxes the still doubtful boy. "You managed to summon a Patronus before I did, I *know* this will be easy for you."

“You have too much faith in me Dream.” George shakes his head, cheeks flushed – looking absolutely endearing. He can see a small smile making its way towards his face.

“Do I have a reason not to?”

His honest answer makes George’s head snap up and-

Oh.

Oh.

If Dream thought George had looked good with that shade of pink on his face, it doesn’t compare to what he looks right now.

George looks extremely lovely, mouth hanging slightly open, his whole face almost matched the colour of roses. His lips, plump and bitten red from habit, further solidifying the fact.

He looks so kissable and gorgeous that Dream can’t help the affection that sweeps over him. His whole body tingles from the feeling and he just let’s it fill his entire being.

And he's distracted again.

Willing away the urge to just say fuck it and kiss his best friend when said boy is just inches away from him, Dream clears his throat. “So?”

“Fine.” George finally relents, “But don't be disappointed if you don't see anything today.” Pointing his fingers accusingly at Dream.

Dream holds his hands up in mock surrender, “I won't, I promise.” Knowing what the other boy said was a lie.

George bites his lip, contemplating if this was really a such a good idea.

He knows he's a capable wizard. He has top marks in almost every subject, specifically Potions and Herbology. Spells are not his area of expertise, though. Sure, he can cast complex spells such as the Incorporeal Patronus, and he's good at Charms, but he usually has to study and practice really hard for them.

But on the other hand, he already knows the theory behind Patronus conjuration and Dream is here to give him his own personal tips so it can't be that complicated.

He also really wants to see if his Patronus matches with Dream.

It's a farfetched and absurd idea, certainly. Even Dream liking him back is more plausible than that ever happening.

It's a rare occurrence, but someone's first Patronus conjuration will often match with another's when both individuals have felt a profound bond towards each other for a long time. The connection between the two should not only be limited to being romantic or platonic but be unconditional. One where they balance each other out, neither one always leading, neither one always following. It should be an equal give and take. Love that is understanding, compromising, collaborating, communicating, and trusting.

But, even after all of that, it could just be a coincidence.

While there are only a handful of people who can cast the Patronus charm, and even less who can cast a Corporal one, it doesn't mean that there can't be people who's Patronuses may be similar. Certain details, such as breeds, are hard to differentiate due to the nature of the spell and may be overlooked, especially if both creatures are of the same species. However, the actions of the Patronuses when conjured together are a dead giveaway.

In a situation where there are no present dangers, both Patronuses may be able to interact with each other in a civil manner. This signifies that the casters are compatible in a way and have potential. The more intimate the action, the deeper the underlying feelings.

George knows that the spectral conjuration, whatever form they may take, don't accurately depict the full extent of someone's sentiments. He has heard many stories about couples who are happily married, and have been for a long time in some cases, with kids and the ideal domestic life not

having matching Patronuses. Or couples who have different Patronuses when they first met but change over time. So, he's not really going to be that upset when he does find out he doesn't match with Dream.

But it just hits different when you *know* that this person has loved you for such a long time that they fall in love with you in every way possible. That they have seen all sides of you, the good, the bad and the ugly and still think you're *it* for them. That no matter what happens, it will always be you and them against the world if need be.

It's a nice thought and certainly a nice fantasy to have.

But this is reality,

And it is rarely ever kind.

Deciding to just get it over with, George stands up and plucks his wand from where he had tucked it inside the sleeves of his robes.

"Now what?" He gestures towards Dream.

"Okay," Dream starts and walks behind him, probably to assess his position and see which part he needs to fix.

"Hmm..."

George was so ready to hear the other boy ramble on about the technical details he found out while practicing. He was so ready to listen to Dream chastise him about his worsening posture and to straighten his back and loosen his shoulders, with maybe a brush of hands here and there.

What he didn't expect was for Dream's hand to soundly rest on his hip, steadily guiding him backwards until he collides with something firm.

His heart stutters, *No way...*

A brief glance over his shoulder tells him that his back is against Dream's chest.

George lightly sucks in his breath, his heart skipping a beat. Then, it proceeds to pound against his chest with a force of an arriving freight train.

It only gets worse when Dream rest his other hand on George's shoulder and slowly trails downward, daintily caressing his sleeves as he holds George's wrist in his hand, slowly lifting his arm up and guides George's hand in accordance with the wand movement needed for the spell.

This is bad for his heart and for his mind. The rush of blood drowns out any word Dream is saying, too focused on the warmth and pressure of those large hands against his smaller ones.

His whole being feels like it's being set on fire. Every touch feeling like electricity shooting through his veins. Lighting him up from the inside.

This lifts George's hopes up after previously moping about Dream not liking him back.

It's dangerous.

"Okay."

George flinches when Dream speaks up, voice sounding much nearer than he originally thought. The other boy suddenly appears in his field of vision, letting go of George's wrist and stepping to his side while his other hand now rests on the small of his back.

"So that's the correct posture, stance and hand movement," Dream points out. "Make sure to keep those wrists a bit loose when casting, it makes it easier to conjure the Patronus that way." He explains.

"Now, we'll move on to how to actually conjure the Patronus" The taller boy raises his eyebrows, looking at him and silently asking if they should continue or if they should revise. George nods, thanking the Gods that he probably already knows everything Dream just said.

"You need to think about your happiest memory, it could be about anyone or anything, but I think

it helps if the memory is about the person you love the most.” Dream gaze flits away for a bit. “At least, that’s how I did it.”

“Ooh Dream,” George playfully grins at him. “Did you think about your crush?” He has half a mind to tease the younger, needing some sense of normalcy after the events that just happened.

Dream only stares at him with a deadpan expression – George fails to notice its actually a look pleading for him to notice the longing in Dream’s green eyes - before moving on to the next step.

“Okay. Now, close your eyes.” Dream instructs.

George complies, letting his eyes flutter shut.

“Think about this person,” He lets his best friend’s voice guide him, thinking about how he was literally doing just that a couple of minutes ago. “The way they look.”

The blond hair has always appealed to him, being the only part of him he can see accurately. Soft, fluffy, dirty blond hair looking like it belongs in between his fingers. He looks absolutely stunning, effortlessly so, with freckles that dust his nose and cheeks, reminding him of the stars and constellations they had danced under that one time in their sixth year. Vibrant, captivating, eyes that he has known for the past year now to be lime, gleaming with such passion and determination that he can’t help but be swept along.

“The way they speak”

He is speaking into his ear. Voice amiable, friendly, and calm. A stark but fitting contrast to his brash and often upfront personality. Every sentence, every phrase that flowed out of his mouth sounded like sweet honey, drawing you in with a mix of smooth tones and irresistible charm. Able to persuade anyone if need be. At the same, it has the ability to spark a flame into even the hearts of the meekest. His loud hollers of joy and shouts of bravado either intimidating or attracting most people. All of them unaware of the way his voice softens to clouds when talking to the people he really cares for.

“And the way they act.”

He acts so childish sometimes. Sticking their tongue out to their sister in retaliation and flipping

the other parts of their group off when the other says something that only the two of them get. But on the other hand, he can be mature too. Giving honest advice to those challenging him without holding back his own skills. He's protective of those that he cares about, going to such extreme and reckless length that he wonders sometimes why he was sorted into Slytherin. It was the way their hands unwittingly drift towards each other when the either one of them is feeling troubled, anxious, or afraid of what's to come.

“Think about a memory you two share.”

Oh god, only a memory? They've been through so much together that he feels like he could write books upon books about their adventures together and still feel like he has more to tell. He wishes they have been always together from the start. While he had two other friends he can rely on, nothing can compare to his bond with him.

“Try to visualize it.”

He really only has to pick one? Just one??? This was absurd. There were numerous moments that involve them two that he holds close to his heart, it's impossible to pick just o-

“Try to remember the feeling you felt that day.”

I told you I'd win it for you, didn't I?

“Encapsulate it.”

What are you doing?

“Let it fill up your heart.”

Open your hand, George.

“Have your mind focus only on that thing.”

It can be like a memento for this tournament.

“Then hold it there,”

You’re such an idiot.

“And release it once you say the spell”

Yeah, your idiot.

“Give it a try.”

George takes deep breath and tries to cast the spell, the signature light blue wisps swirling and tumbling out from his wand.

A figure gradually forms.

It's a four-legged creature. With a familiar coat of sapphire fur and a white underside to its tail.

The only thing missing is the antlers.

It's a doe.

George stumbles in shock, not quite believing what his eyes are seeing. He lets his patronus prance about the room, continuing to stare in surprise, hand hovering near his mouth and takes in what he just saw.

His patronus is a doe,

Dream's patronus is a stag.

Both creatures possess a white stripe under their tails.

They're a match.

But it could still be just a coincidence.

Unless...

"Look at that!" Dream looks mesmerized, eyes darting around to follow the energetic Patronus.
"See George? I knew you would be able to do it!" He cheers.

George would normally have said something, maybe in thanks or in joke but his mind is occupied. He's formulating a plan.

"Andddd it's gone." Dream pouts, looking a bit sad to see the Patronus go.

"Dream."

The Slytherin looks back at him, shocked at whatever expression George has on his face.

“Oh, hey, whoa,” The other boy fully faces him, bracing his hands on both of George’s shoulders. Based on the amount of concern in Dream’s voice, he must not be sporting a good look. “What’s wrong?”

George doesn’t know whether to risk it or not. On one hand, Dream could summon his Patronus alongside his and the most they’d do is just stare at each other before sweeping across the common room for any danger. Civil to each other and nothing more. A clear sign of a platonic relationship.

On the other hand, they could be both summoned and both Patronuses would play with each other. Nipping each other and playing chase. Maybe even grooming each other. The implication of the actions obvious to him.

On one hand, they could forever remain in an infinite loop of “maybes” and “ifs”.

On the other, they could finally stop whatever this is. The looks of fondness too intimate to be called platonic. The casual touches that seem to linger a bit longer than what was acceptable for an interaction between friends. Hugs where they cling and are slow to pull away. Every action done comes with an underlying promise of something more.

But would it be worth it?

George decides that he loses less than what he might gain in the end.

And as Dream and Sapnap say from time to time,

Fuck it.

“Can you summon your Patronus again?” The question comes out more forcefully than intended.

“What why?” Dream understandably asks.

“Just, do it. Please” George pleads. He might be risking letting his feelings be known to the person he’s closest to but he’s not going to just lay it out that easily.

“Alright,” Dream shrugs nonchalantly. “But you better explain to me why afterwards.”

“Okay sure.” George looks intently at the empty space behind Dream. Not really looking forward to explaining it to him. He has no choice but to tell him the truth no matter the outcome, Dream can tell if he’s using his “lying voice” or not, and George has never liked unnecessarily lying to Dream.

Dream turns around, casts his Patronus once more and George does the same.

Once both Patronuses were summoned, George holds his breath and bites his lip, observing them attentively. The Patronuses both took a moment to assess each other, staring for what seems like ages.

Who knew watching two deers interact would be this suspenseful?

Moments later they happily run off, chasing each other around the room.

“Awww, look George,” Dream coos at the two spectral beings, his eyes trying to follow the ongoing chase. “Our Patronuses are friends.”

George doesn't respond to Dream. Well, more like he couldn't. How could he when he barely has any air left breathe, let alone talk. His heart is beating a mile per minute, a rare full body flush taking over, making his hands sweaty. There's so many dots connecting in his mind that it's making him a bit light-headed. He sits down and tries to process everything.

That's why Dream was so hesitant to mention the last scent he inhaled from the Amortentia potion, how can he when it was a scent only George possesses and Dream can't really say that when he basically standing shoulder to shoulder. The uncharacteristic anger he displayed during **the** quidditch match last year.

The still unspoken trip to the Room of Requirement.

The Yuleball dance under the stars.

George being the one held hostage during the third trial.

George feels stupid for not noticing the subtle signs. He actually did, but it was better to never keep one's hopes up. Better to be surprised by good results than be disappointed about bad ones.

His heart knows no emotion right now except overwhelming happiness and love.

"You promised me an explanation George." Dream reminds him, still fascinated by the playful Patronuses. "I'd like that explanation now please." He turns to look at George.

This is his opportunity; his feelings are basically requited at this point. They're basically confirmed.

But why is this still nerve-wracking?

"Okay," *Inhale, exhale. It's go time.* "So you just saw our *matching* Patronuses playing together right?" George emphasizes, hoping Dream would catch on.

"Yeah, does that mean anything?"

Of course, he doesn't know, George thought to himself, *how can someone be so smart yet be so oblivious at the same time?*

"It does actually" George answers.

"Oh, does it mean anything good?" Dream eyes him curiously.

"Dream, first of all, matching Patronuses are rare. Although a person could coincidentally match with another. They don't act like that. They only react like that when the other person also feels the

same way.”

“What are you saying George?”

“Dream,” He steels himself, at this point there’s no way that this boy didn’t have even the tiniest bit of an attraction to him. George looks directly into those familiar eyes, smiling. Letting the full force of his love show through his eyes. This is his last chance to back out, after this, there’s no going back to being just friends.

He’s weirdly excited.

George can’t contain himself anymore, tired of prolonging anything any longer due to literal years of skirting around each other, he should just be straight to the point so that there is no way that Dream misunderstands what he means.

“It just means that, I...love you Dream.”

His brain grinds to a halt.

What?

Did he hear George correctly?

Dream tries to go back and process what had been said to him.

George likes him back?

Is this real? Is he dreaming?

Dream had always suspected that their affection ran deeper than those of platonic friends but never

entertained it because he's seen George act so differently around different people that he didn't know if he did it with everyone or only with Dream.

He's always wondered if the way George always held his hand or ran to him every time he was in trouble was a thing he also did with others.

Apparently not.

"And I just *hope* that you like me back." George looks down, biting his lip before gazing into Dream's eyes once again. Emotion clear in those warm brown eyes.

Hope? Like?

Dream feels more than that.

From the start, George has always fascinated him. He was so different from him and yet he can't help but be drawn into his orbit. Like a comet being pulled by the sun's gravity. Over time, that fascination grew into something more.

He began to notice the little things that George did that endeared him. How his eyebrow scrunched up when he's struggling with a spell. How his laughter slowly got louder and louder the more time Dream spent with him. The way George had unknowingly burrowed his way towards his heart and made a home there.

Like? Like is a grave understatement.

He can hear George rambling in the background, but Dream's mind isn't there any longer.

Dream remembers the possessive thrill that shoots through him every time the smaller boy wore *his* Slytherin robes. His protectiveness when George got sick. The way his heart swells with pride every time George got top marks, the way he would proudly show the older's achievements to his friend and to anyone who was willing to listen.

"Dream..." George meekly mutters. Bravado long gone.

Dream was so elated at having his feelings reciprocated that he forgot to confirm it to the other person.

No.

No way is he going to make George feel that he doesn't like him back.

After all this time? He's going to keep him in suspense? After gathering the courage to confess first?

After all the misunderstandings and confusion?

No, George deserves the truth.

“George ...” Dream takes a seat beside the other boy, clasping his hands to George’s.

The boy has a blank look in his eyes, the unguarded expression he had earlier now shut off, devoid of any emotions.

That’s bad.

Dream heart pangs with regret, seeing George retreat back to his normal, guarded self. The words he wants to say get caught in his throat at the sudden change. With his mouth not planning to work any time soon, he hugs the boy and tries to convey in action what he can’t through words.

“Dream?”

Despite the other boy being more withdrawn than either him or anyone in their friend group, Dream can read him like an open book. Dream knows every single one of his tells.

The way his eyes almost disappear from how big his grin is. The way he speaks more formally

when he's angry or annoyed. the way he'd stare at random things and Dream would know he's trying to determine what the actual color of that object is.

Every single one of these, Dream knows.

And every single one of them makes up the reason as to why Dream loves this boy.

“George ...” he whispers tenderly, his lips brushing against Georges ear. He felt the minuscule way that George shivered in his grasp.

He slowly drifts down and whispers against George's neck.

“I love you too.”

He hears George inhale sharply against his own ear.

Dream slowly backs away, placing his hands on George's neck and rubs them. He slowly guides George's face closer to his, giving him ample time to back away should he ever need to change his mind.

They're getting closer and closer. The tips of their noses touch, Dream nuzzles his against George's, lips lightly caressing each other, still hesitant to take that final step.

Until Dream decides to just do it.

Finally.

And that becomes his last thought for a while as thinking takes a backseat in his brain and kissing George takes priority.

Oh my god.

He's finally kissing George.

His lips against his are soft, but the press is firm. Gentle due to unknown boundaries but demanding for more. It burns like a roaring fire but soothingly cool like gentle snowfall tickling his skin. Complimentary emotions and Opposing actions. Balancing each other out.

Just like the two of them have always done ever since they have met.

They break apart the way they came together. Slow, hesitant, afraid of ruining the moment.

They rest their foreheads against each other and slowly open their eyes to see the other person.

Dream looks at Georges eyes, they're glassy. Small, pearl like tears gathered at the corners.

George whispers "You're not doing this out of some messed up sense of obligation, are you?"

Dream wipes the tars away before they even had the chance to fall, not really knowing how else to convey that, yes, his feelings are real. *Very real thank you very much*. So, he grabs George's cheeks, presses they're lips together once more and kisses him again. Passionately this time. Not letting up on the onslaught until they're struggling to breathe.

When they part, there's a string of saliva connecting their lips and a bit escaped at the corner of George's mouth. The smaller boy tries to catch his breath, but Dream keeps on peppering kisses to Georges face, making him giggle and pushing George farther back until they fall on the couch.

George grunts at the impact and Dream plants his hands besides Georges head to support himself.

They just stare at each other lovingly, enjoying each other's debauched state.

George raises his hands slowly and clasps his hands together behind Dream's neck, pulling him down and they being to kiss again.

They trade kisses back and forth for a long while. Savouring the moment after spending so much

time thinking about what those lips would feel like against his. After a while, the kisses slow down, and they rearrange themselves on the couch so they can cuddle instead. George removes his robes, scarf and shoes, placing it on the floor beside them. Dream does the same with his own shoes.

They shift themselves around until they found the perfect spot. Dream lies on top of George, head resting underneath his chin. George plays with his hair and Dream buries his hand in George's own hair as well.

Dream softly asks, "Can I ask you something?" Patting George's hair flat before carding through it once more, titling his head to get a better view of George's face.

The brunet silently nods, eyes to the ceiling. A ghost of a smile etched into his red, shiny lips.

"How long have you liked me?"

"I don't actually know," George says thoughtfully, like he never really thought of the question before. "I just looked at you one day and I just knew. That these emotions that I feel for you are not something that can be easily removed and instead of trying to suppress it, I just accepted it."

"Just like that?"

"Uh-huh." George nods his head slowly.

"What about you Dream? When did you realize?" He asks him in return.

"It was around third year actually." Dream fidgets, removing his hand from George's hair to rest on his chest instead.

"That long ago?" George sounds shocked. "What? Why? When?"

"It was during that one herbology class," Dream says while drawing random patterns on the Ravenclaw's sweater vest. "I don't know the exact details, but I remember you complaining about your color blindness and I remember thinking to myself, I will make this person see colors."

“Couldn't that have been just you being a nice friend?” George tries to tease.

“Could be,” Dream pokes George’s chest, listening to the slightly accelerated heartbeat beating underneath his ear. “Except for the fact that I wanted to be the first person, no, the first anything you see once you could see colours properly.”

“Hm.” George hums happily, rubbing his eyes and stifling a yawn.

“Are you tired George?”

“A bit ...” He groggily admits.

“All that spell casting probably got you tired huh?” Dream mutters, mostly to himself. The Slytherin caresses George’s cheek lovingly. “You should get some sleep then...”

George just nods his head and turns to face Dream, arms wrapping around tighter and tangling their legs together.

He's asleep within seconds.

Dream stares at him, thinking about how lucky he is to finally be able to call this person his.

He is content with the knowledge that they’re safe in each other's arms. That no matter what happens they can protect and care for each other. That the person they have been vying for all these years has actually loved them back for just as long.

Heart filled and sated, he places a soft kiss on George’s collarbone and sinks into his warmth. He drifts off moments later, following George into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

AND THAT'S IT! Thank you to all the lovely wonderful people who have read our first collab. piece! Me and Mik had such a blast writing this. (They had more fun since they got to see the dumb mistakes I did while writing my chapters)

The main plot points we tackled in the story may be over but, I may or may not revisit this AU sometime in the future to add some more tidbits here and there - Ya'll better believe I'm giving SkepHalo their deserved happy ending- so look forward to that.

I have another work already being thought out. This time it'll have a more cohesive, overarching plot and a SOLO WORK!!! :D Super excited to venture out on my own without Mik to cover for me when I fall behind schedule HAHAHAH

Should I create a twitter to update you guys regarding the work??? Let me know :D

Btw, yes they did forget to study for their NEWTS that day AHHAHAH but can you blame them?

That's all I have to say and I may have not replied to a few comments - since im blind af /j - but we really do appreciate all the support all of you gave us.

Until next time!!! :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!